



The Sign

National Catholic Magazine

August 1955 - 25¢

5723-669.35
Aug 1955
JUL 1956

SHOULD MOM GO TO WORK?

By ROBERT SENSER

PERIODICAL

JUL 26 1955

MICHIGAN STATE
LIBRARY

Children of Spain's "Parish of the Poor"



1255 716538
LIBRARY
MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE
EAST LANSING MICH

A WONDERFUL NEW PLAN FOR EVERY CATHOLIC FAMILY

Only 10¢ Opens Up a Thrilling New World to Your Children!



Created and Developed by
MARYKNOLL SISTERS

On a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Sisters Juliana and Chaminade followed in the footsteps of Our Savior, also visiting many Old Testament scenes. In such authentic and traditional surroundings, they wrote these wonderful stories.

All the Great Bible Stories Vividly Retold for Children, Illustrated with Hundreds of Full-Color Pictures

HERE is a wonderful opportunity to give your boy or girl hours of fascinating, exciting and wholesome reading! All the immortal stories of the Catholic Bible dramatically retold . . . gloriously illustrated by famous artists, all in rich, vibrant full colors.

Boys and Girls Visit Nazareth through the magic of **CRUSADE**. They see the birthplace of Our Lord . . . listen to Him preach by the Sea of Galilee . . . see His great Miracles . . . hail His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. They witness, too, the dramatic scenes of the Old Testament. Noe and his Ark . . . David's great battle with Goliath . . . Jonas and the Whale . . . Josue commanding the sun to stand still . . . these and 101 other unforgettable stories come to life before their eyes!

Only 10¢ Brings the First Copy Plus an Unusual FREE Gift!

The first beautiful copy of **CRUSADE** comes to you at the special introductory price of **ONLY** ten cents — delivered postpaid! Then, every 10 days for a period of six months, your favorite youngster will receive a brand-new copy at the bargain low price of only 35¢ each. But you **CANCEL WHENEVER YOU WISH** . . . yes, at any time . . . and pay only for those received.

Here's a bargain in good reading and pure enjoyment that cannot be duplicated at any price. Open up a bright new world to some happy youngster. **Mail Coupon NOW.**

Delivered to your child three times a month.

Actual Size about 8½" x 11"



SEE Jacob's vivid dream in colors . . . the ladder of angels, reaching to heaven.

Right: See David's victory over Goliath. The shepherd boy falls the giant with sling shot, routs the Philistines.

PARTIAL LIST OF OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT STORIES

The Creation
Adam and Eve
Driven from the Garden
Tower of Babel
Joseph Sold by His Brethren
Moses Crosses Red Sea
Moses Receives the 10 Commandments
The Walls of Jericho Tumble Down

The Angel Appears to Josue
David Becomes King
Samson Slays the Lion
The Judgment of Solomon
Elias the Prophet
Daniel in Lion's Den and many more Old Testament Stories

The Nativity
Wise Men Guided by the Star
The Marriage in Cana
Jesus Drives Money Lenders from the Temple
Miracles of the Loaves and Fishes
The Parables of Jesus
Jesus Walks on Water at Galilee
The Good Samaritan
The Prodigal Son

Jesus Blesses the Children
The Last Supper
Judgment of Pilate
The Crucifixion
The Resurrection
The Apostles Preaching the Gospel
St. Michael Prevails Against Satan and many more New Testament Stories!

FOLD COUPON, TEAR OFF, AND MAIL TODAY!

Enclose Only 10¢ for Your First Copy — Cancel Whenever You Wish!

FREE GIFT! A beautiful Thorned Head of Christ, designed by the famous wood-carvers of Oberammergau, the Alpine village where the Passion of Our Lord is enacted every 10 years!

© 1955
John J. Crawley & Co., Inc.
37 W. 47th St.
New York 36



SEE Noe herd animals and other living creatures aboard Ark for safety from the Flood.

SEE the Flight into Egypt to Save the Infant Jesus.

SEE the Fall of Jericho. A blast of the trumpets—a mighty roar—and the solid rock walls crack and crumble.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zone _____
Please send me the first copy of Bible Stories and enroll me for six months. You may send me a new copy every ten days at the rate of 35¢ for each copy until I give you notice to cancel my enrollment. For convenience in bookkeeping you may bill me once a month for such Bible Stories as I receive.

(Print)

Zone

NOW! AMERICA'S GREATEST HOSPITALIZATION VALUE

SOLD ONLY BY MAIL . . . NO AGENTS

Pays Cash for Your
ENTIRE STAY
in **HOSPITAL**

IF YOU GET SICK OR HURT



INSURE
AGAINST
HOSPITAL
BILLS BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE!

INDIVIDUAL OR FAMILY ELIGIBLE — BIRTH TO AGE 75

You are not required to insure with a 'group'! You can insure as an individual or you can cover every family member — birth to age 75. Only 1/2 rate for children to age 18 — but children get same benefits as adults.

ADD THIS POLICY FOR EXTRA PROTECTION IF YOU ALREADY HAVE HOSPITALIZATION

This Policy pays REGARDLESS of what you collect from any other insurance you may already have . . . including Workmen's Compensation. Therefore, you can add this Policy to your present coverage, enabling you to collect from 2 sources if you get sick or hurt — wonderful EXTRA protection against today's high Hospital costs. Of course, if you carry no Hospitalization at all, then by all means take out this splendid "No Time Limit" coverage right now — before it's too late. You'll never regret it. Let us send you full details and FREE BOOK. Mail coupon!

OLD
PRE-
WAR

COST ONLY 3¢ A DAY

(SLIGHTLY HIGHER OVER 65)

Don't pass this up! It's your golden opportunity to get LONGER Hospital coverage at very low cost! Most policies pay only for so many days in the Hospital. THIS POLICY KEEPS RIGHT ON PAYING YOU — IN CASH — NO MATTER HOW LONG YOU ARE LAID UP IN THE HOSPITAL! There's absolutely NO TIME LIMIT for sickness or accident, and we also give you special Polio provisions. Our Hospital benefits are paid from the very first day of confinement. NO WAITING PERIOD! And — no reduction of benefits for older folks — even past 75. Makes no difference where you live, Policy is good anywhere in the U.S. or possessions, or Canada . . . you may go to any recognized Hospital (Govt. Hospitals, rest homes and sanitariums excluded). Policy also pays you specific cash benefits for 73 different Surgical Operations. Gives you many additional coverages, too. Maternity Rider available, if desired!

THIS
COUPON
will bring
valuable
FREE
BOOK

In lieu of other benefits, Policy pays \$500 to \$2,000 for Accidental Death — for Polio, up to \$500 for Hospital bills; up to \$500 for Doctor bills; up to \$500 for Orthopedic Appliances. This Hospitalization is specially designed to help meet today's high hospital costs. GIVES YOU READY CASH WHEN YOU NEED IT. We sell ONLY BY MAIL — no agents. Policy priced so low it's easily carried by any individual or family. Without prejudice to an existing claim, Policy is cancellable at the option of the company. We have Policyholders in all 48 states — pay our claims promptly. It'll pay you to get full details AT ONCE! Mail coupon for FREE BOOK! No obligation. No agent will call!

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA
Dept. 855-GN, Wilmington 99, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, full details about your new, low cost NO TIME LIMIT HOSPITAL Plan. No agent will call.

Name

Address

City Zone State

GET FREE BOOK

LIFE INSURANCE CO. of AMERICA
WILMINGTON 99 DELAWARE

NO AGENT WILL CALL!

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY? \$35.00 IS YOURS

CATHOLIC CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 inspiring religious cards—including a Miraculous Medal

FEATURE DELUXE
21 stunning assorted Christmas cards of every type, color and taste

CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
Luxurious parchment paper used throughout. Outstanding cards in lovely designs

SLIM CARD CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
Latest ragel Distinction, smart new, slim styling—beautiful

CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAP ENSEMBLE
20 large deluxe sheets all 20"x30"—gay Christmas colors with matching seals and tags

TALL CARD CHRISTMAS FUN BOX
An amazing assortment of pop-outs, clever designs in the new slim style—terrific!

CHRISTMAS BOOK
Animated toy, story and paint book in full color. Includes jet glider plane, magnet and other real toys

EVERYDAY BOX
21 beautiful assorted cards for every occasion, with a selection of pastel envelopes

HUMOROUS EVERYDAY ASSORTMENT
Fun for all. A laugh in every card—fascinating!

TALL CARD ALL OCCASION
An assortment of radiant beauty in the fashionable, new slim design

EVERYDAY GIFT WRAP ENSEMBLE
20 large sheets, all 20"x30" in bright colors for year 'round gift needs. Matching seals and tags

CHEERY INFORMALS
Captions in bright pink & blue—chic!

BLOSSOM TIME STATIONERY AND NOTES
Fine white paper, decorated in dainty pink and gold—scalloped edges

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

for selling only
50 boxes of our
300 Christmas card line.
And this can be done in
a single day. Free samples.
Other leading boxes
on approval.
Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made
\$250—\$500—\$1,000 and more
this very way. Church groups
and organizations can do this,
too. No experience necessary.

**FREE
SAMPLES**
PERSONALIZED
CHRISTMAS CARDS
and STATIONERY

TALL LUSTRE CHRISTMAS BOX
An assortment of natural color, glossy photo cards in the new look—different!

VELVET ANGELS CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
Heart-warming cards featuring the cutest little angels ever seen

Mail This Coupon Today
COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC.
Dept. 204, White Plains, New York
Please rush samples and full details of your
easy money-making plan.

Name

Address

City State

If writing for an organization, give its name

COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC., Dept. 204, White Plains, New York

Letters

Archbishop of the Workers

I wish to congratulate you on your valuable and interesting article "Archbishop of the Workers" by Francis Bruce, in your May 1955 issue. I am commending you especially on your excellent choice of story, for it is important for everyone to realize that a man who may some day occupy the Papacy is now contributing all his efforts to the benefit of members of Italy's working class in Milan. . . .

I feel proud to say that many of your articles are as informative and enjoyable as this, making for a magazine to which every Catholic ought to have access. Keep up the excellent record.

RITA HUDRIK

WINONA, MINN.

Liturgical Artist

What's happening to THE SIGN anyway? First we have an editorial "The Ultra-conservative Catholic." . . . Now, in the June issue, an article called "Liturgical Artist." . . .

What, in heaven's name is "Liturgical" about these monstrosities? . . .

I thought the Pope in one of his encyclicals warned against this kind of stuff—these gross exaggerations. We hear a great hue, howl, and cry from modern art-lovers against the old-style statuary—ecclesiastical hardware they like to call it—in our churches, but at their very worst they at least bear some semblance to human beings and not some starved, Martian invaders who got socked by Marciano or tangled up in a cement mixer.

B. J. DIBBLE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

I was given a subscription to your fine magazine, THE SIGN, and have enjoyed reading the many fine articles, but I do have a grievance against the stand you take on the new liturgical art.

I am very certain I am not alone in this objection. I think it an *insult* to our wonderful Creator to allow such distortions of His beautiful creation—the most beautiful of all women and of His divine Son—as shown by the statue and stations on pages 49 and 50 of the June issue.

MISS IDA KEMMER

PETOSKEY, MICH.

This letter is in reference to your picture story, in the June, 1955 issue of THE SIGN, entitled "Liturgical Artist."

I'm all in favor of a spiritual renewal in the world; however, I just cannot see this happening through so-called liturgical art as produced by Mr. William J. Schickel.

I hope Mr. Schickel will forgive me when I say that my wife and I considered his carving of Mary, Virgin of Virgins, grotesque. We saw nothing devotional about this long-necked thing—in fact we were repulsed by it. After covering up all identi-

Take any one of these glorious OPERAS

FOR ONLY

NO STRINGS ATTACHED!

An amazing Demonstration
of long-playing (33 1/3 RPM)
High Fidelity Recordings.

\$1⁰⁰

SEND
NO
MONEY!

Georges Bizet CARMEN

Carmen . . . Cora Canne Meyer
Don Jose . . . Leo Larsen
Escamillo . . . Gerard Holthaus
Micaela . . . Corry van Beckum
and other outstanding artists

Breathtaking performance
by one of Europe's out-
standing mezzo-sopranos,
Mlle. Cora Canne Meyer,
and the Netherlands Phil-
harmonic Orchestra.

W. A. Mozart THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO

Figaro . . . Siemen Jongsma
Susanna . . . Anne van der Graaf
Il Conte . . . Henk Driessen
La Contessa . . . Margit Opawsky
and other outstanding artists

Walter Goehr, famous as
the conductor of London's
B. B. C. Orchestra, brings
new charm, gaiety, and
heart-lifting beauty to
Mozart's great opera buffa.

Giuseppe Verdi LA TRAVIATA

Violetta . . . Margit Opawsky
Alfred . . . Leo Larsen
Germont . . . Henk Driessen
and other outstanding artists

This intensely dramatic
masterpiece, brimming with
immortal music, receives a
production which is pure
gold. Mlle. Opawsky of the
Vienna Opera sings Violetta
with rare distinction.

Enjoy the World's Greatest Operas at Substantial Cash Savings

Here's an exciting offer which
will prove to you the amazing
values and the life-like high
fidelity of The Opera Society's recordings. Select ANY ONE
of these magnificent opera performances. Audition it *free of
charge* for five days in your own home. Then, if you decide to
keep it, send ONLY \$1.00 and it's yours, *no strings attached!*

A New Concept in Recorded Opera

We make this special offer to introduce you to a new idea
in music enjoyment—operas planned for record listening.
You'll be amazed at the almost magical "presence" of
every voice, every instrument as the greatest music from
each opera flows into your living room. You'll hear every
famous aria, duet, chorus and overture . . . approximately
one hour of glorious listening pleasure on every selection.

Each production has been especially "staged" for the
Society's members by world-famous singers, orchestras and
conductors . . . each has been meticulously recorded on
12 inch, highest fidelity, 33 1/3 r.p.m. discs of purest vinyl-
ite. And to bring you the greatest possible understanding
and enjoyment, an English libretto, plus interesting music
notes are included with your records. As your collection
grows, you build a valuable musical heritage for yourself
and your family.

Trial Membership Advantages

On this Demonstration Offer, you also obtain—without any
obligation *ever* to buy another record—a Trial Membership
in The Opera Society. This means you have the right to
audition in your own home—and acquire if you wish—all
the greatest operas and oratorios as they become available
in the Society's high fidelity recordings. You pay only for
those which—*after having auditioned them*—you decide
you really want to own. And you pay only the Member's
low price of \$2.95 per long-playing 12 inch disc.

We want to prove to you how much listening pleasure
can be yours at *real cash savings*. Choose your favorite
opera from the above list, and rush the coupon—with no
money—for your free five-day home trial. If you decide to
keep it you pay ONLY \$1.00 (plus a few cents shipping)!
Act now to get this special value. Memberships are limited
by high fidelity production capacity, this offer may soon
be withdrawn. Mail the no-money, no-risk coupon today!

SEND COUPON—NO MONEY—NOW!

The Opera Society, Dept. 8-TS
45 Columbus Ave., New York 23, N. Y.

Please send me for FREE AUDITION
the new Opera Society recording I
have checked below, and enroll me
as a Trial Member in the Society.

☐ CARMEN ☐ FIGARO ☐ TRAVIATA

After five days Free Trial I may return the
recording and pay nothing. If delighted,
I will send you ONLY \$1.00 (plus a few
cents for shipping) as payment in full for
this opera performance. I am not obligated
to buy any other recordings. I will receive
an advance description of forthcoming
monthly releases which I may audition free
of charge. I do not have to audition any
operas or keep any that I do audition. I
may cancel my Trial Membership at any
time. In the future, I will pay the special
Member's Price of only \$2.95 (plus a few
cents shipping) for each long-playing, high
fidelity 12 inch disc I decide to keep.

LIMIT: Only one sample package to a customer!

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address

City Zone State

IN CANADA address: 105 Bond Street,
Toronto 2, Ontario

New...Exciting...Colorful, Novel! "GARDEN under GLASS"



The "Garden Under Glass" was originated by one of the most famous florists in the world. His secret—retaining the freshness and color of natural flowers for years and years—is one that many others have tried to imitate time after time without success.

Here's one of the most breathtaking home ornaments in years—lush, exotic flowers from the forests of Brazil, sprigs of Princess pine and rich red Vynlite roses under a sealed glass centerpiece! Guaranteed to keep their freshness and beauty for years and years! Place the centerpiece on your dining table and see how your linen, china and silverware reflect its vivid colors. Your guests will marvel at it! Adds distinctive beauty to your living room when placed on window ledge, TV set, coffee or end table. Measures: 19" round, 4" high. The Brazilian flowers, pine sprigs and Vynlite roses blend into a lovely cavalcade of color. A thoughtful gift for shut-ins, especially. Present supply is not large: to make sure, order TODAY! Send 1.98 check, cash or m.o. for immediate postpaid delivery. CODs sent plus charges, 5-day money back guarantee. Order TODAY from:

Natural Flowers,
Pine & Vinyl Roses
Sealed under Glass
to last for years!

NOW
1/2
PRICE! 1.98

Sealed to keep out moisture.
Flowers retain freshness and
colors for years.

THORESEN'S, Dept. 39-H-86
332 Fourth Ave. New York 10, N. Y.

RUSH me a "Garden Under Glass" at 1.98 on 5 day FREE trial—money back guarantee. () 1.98 enclosed. Send all charges prepaid. () Send C.O.D. plus charges.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

POCONO

VACATION or HONEYMOON
MT. AIRY LODGE has EVERYTHING
Main Lodge on 160 acre estate, 60 Deluxe Cabana Cottages with television & private bath. Dancing and Entertainment Nightly in Beautiful "Club Suzanne." Located 1/2 mi. from Villa of Our Lady of Poconos. Seasonal Sports. OPEN ALL YEAR. Vacationers Bklet. V—Honeymooners Bklet. B
Mount Airy Lodge
MOUNT POCONO 29, PA.
Mt. Pocono 3551
Cath. Owner-Mgmt.

SIGN SUBSCRIBERS IN CANADA
You may send your payments to
THE SIGN
Passionist Fathers
Box 53, Station K Toronto, Ontario

NEW, DIFFERENT, EXCLUSIVE
Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS \$1.25 & UP
WITH NAME IMPRINTED FREE SAMPLES
Pen-n-Brush Studios
EXTRA MONEY BONUS PLAN ASSURES OVER 100% PROFIT
You take NO RISK
Send postal card to-day for approval samples with unusual special reduced price sample offers. NEW Christmas cards, name imprinted or box art's, "Feature 21" religious, wrappings, ribbons, hith-blays, etc. **SELL ON** illustrates more than 100 items everybody needs & buys. ● children's games & toys ● adult's gifts & cardsets ● novelty & personalized stationery. ● most complete line ● **BIG PROFITS** (Be sure to see and compare these before starting to sell.)
DEAL WITH A LEADER You will earn more money—in full or spare time—Don't delay. Act today. It costs nothing to try. Just send postal card to
PEN-N-BRUSH STUDIOS
Dept SM-6 139 Duane St. New York 13, N. Y.



Never Underestimate the Power of a Teaspoon...



full of Professor Foster's Discovery, the Sexton liquid detergent that does so much with so little.
Its magic cleansing power works equally on dishes or sheerest fabrics, a teaspoon-to-a-gallon of water being the average proportion.
It's safe, it's sure, it's amazing, say women who use it. Ask for Professor Foster at the better grocers.

Sexton

John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.

fying marks of THE SIGN, I asked my wife to guess who she was; after guessing it was Minerva, and Medusa, she would not believe it was Mary until she read the caption. My four-year-old boy, who can pick out pictures and statues of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, could not identify this "thing."
Mary, St. Joseph, and Christ were real people. So why not show them as such instead of as elongated distortions of pagan idols?

R. J. D.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Student Nurse

The caption "Student Nurses take their lunch in hospital cafeteria. Joan, in her final year at St. Elizabeth's, gets room, board, and \$100 a month" needs a further comment—or should one say correction? Our students do not receive stipends during their three years.

SISTER WILLIAM ANN, O.S.F.
DIRECTOR OF NURSES

ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING, BRIGHTON, MASS.

The Sign is grateful to Sr. William Ann for correcting its mistake and apologizes for giving the wrong information. The caption writer, apparently, was in a lavish mood.

May I congratulate you on the pictorial presentation of "The Student Nurse" as contained in your June issue. Not only does it point up the vocation of a nurse, but it also stresses the spiritual side of her profession. It also will bring home to Catholics the progressive role that our Catholic hospitals play in the intellectual and spiritual training of the nurse.

RT. REV. A. C. DALTON
DORCHESTER, MASS.

American Housewife

Congratulations on the fine job you are doing with your magazine. Your SIGN Picture Story "American Housewife" brought about this little miracle of my sitting down and writing a note to add my vote to your good work.

REV. JOHN MORIARTY, M. M.
CUREPTO, CHILE.

May I thank you for your splendid picture story on "The American Housewife." It was high time somebody brushed off the dust that has gathered on that very dear title. And I am proud that it's THE SIGN that has undertaken it.

Hats off for a good job done.
M. M. HOLMES
BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.

Nurse Midwives

I don't recall any improper or distasteful pictures in "Nurse Midwives of Santa Fe," as Mrs. R. Del Chiaro of Sonoma, California, claims in the May issue of THE SIGN. I nursed in Santa Fe for two years and found only praise for the Medical Missionary Sisters. . . .

The Sisters are wonderful and a godsend. . . . As one doctor told me: "They do wonderful work."

MRS. DOROTHY P. HARDESTY
RICHMOND, VA.

THE SIGN

NOW! 179 EASY WAYS TO MAKE MONEY


Show Friends New TALL Style
Christmas and All Occasion
GREETING CARD ASSORTMENTS
 folks are wild about

Make
\$50 - \$75 -
\$100 AND MORE
EXTRA MONEY
again
and again

New 1955 AMAZING VALUE 21-Card Feature Christmas Ass't.
 New 1955 GOLD EMBOSSED TALL CARD Christmas Ass't.
 New 1955 Ass't. of 21 CATHOLIC CHRISTMAS CARDS
 New 1955 21-CARD SLIM ALL OCCASION Ass't.
 New 1955 Christmas Ass't. with gold-lined envelopes
 New 1955 Christmas Ass't. in 4 SHAPES & SIZES of Cards
 New 1955 Christmas Ass't. of PHOTOCHROME CARDS in true-to-life-colors
 New 1955 Christmas Matching GIFT WRAP Ensemble

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
 "I have been selling your cards for almost two years and I have made enough money to buy a lot of things I have wanted."
 —Diane Carey of Illinois

FREE 77 Name Imprinted SAMPLES OF
Christmas Cards, Stationery, Notes, Napkins

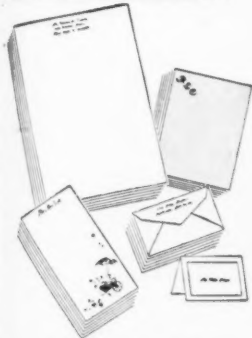
RAISE CASH FOR YOURSELF, SODALITY, CLUB, CHURCH
 Just take easy orders in spare time from friends, neighbors. Show exquisite Christmas, year 'round box assortments, home and gift novelties, personal gold stamped items, wedding invitations & announcements, children's religious coloring set. Exclusive Bargain Surprise Packages.

FUND RAISING PLAN—PREMIUM OFFERS
Make up to \$1.00 per box!

START A GREETING CARD & GIFT SHOP AT HOME
 Friendly social calls bring you profits to 100% plus cash bonus. No experience is needed. Make new friends and contacts. Have money for new clothes, furnishings, savings, your group treasury. New Party Plan is profitable and fun. FREE Advertising Aids, new Selling Plans.

FREE CATALOG
 48 Pages Beautifully Illustrated in Full Color

FREE Exclusive
 New 4-in-1
 Personal Christmas Card Album



Exclusive New \$1.00 up
 Name Imprinted Stationery,
 Slim Style Notes, Informals

Write Today!

Let us send you for FREE TRIAL
EVERYTHING YOU NEED
to get started at once!

RUSH COUPON for actual assortments on approval. Early starters make most money. If outfit does not make money for you in a jiffy, return it at our expense.



FREE
 Money-Making Guide
 shows beginners new
 easy ways to succeed

Send No Money — Mail Coupon Now
NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS
North Abington 853, Mass.

Please send me at once Feature assortments on approval, free samples Personal Christmas Cards, Stationery, Notes, Napkins, free Catalog, Selling Guide, Premium Offers and details of your wonderful extra money plan.

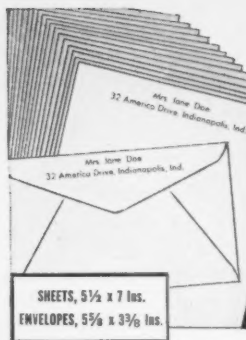
Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

☐ Check here if writing for club or church organization interested in raising funds.

No Risk On Your Part

NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS, North Abington 853, Mass.

August, 1955



**FREE 40 SHEETS
20 ENVELOPES**

FOR MAKING THE SIMPLE LITTLE TEST DESCRIBED BELOW

Personalized Stationery

IMPRINTED WITH YOUR NAME and ADDRESS

THIS OFFER MADE TO DEMONSTRATE WHY OTHER FOLKS FIND IT SO EASY TO

Make Good Money

in Spare Time—Without Experience!

THE coupon will bring you this packet of lovely Personalized Stationery. It is free—whether or not you do anything about the Doehla "Extra Money" Plan.

We'll also send you sample assortments of Doehla Christmas and All-Year-Round Greeting Cards, on approval. Just SHOW them to your friends. The cards are so unusual and such wonderful bargains that no "selling" is needed. Yet, if your friends don't snap them up and ask for more—return them without cost or obligation. The Personalized Stationery is yours to keep.

One of These Nation-Wide Associates Will Give You Prompt Service in Your Area:

Boulevard Art Publishers
Chicago 4, Ill.
Iva E. Brundage & Sons
Detroit 4, Mich.
Capitol Card Company, Inc.
New Orleans 12, La.
Columbia Card Co., Ltd.
Dallas, Texas
Harry Doehla Co.
Nashua, N.H. & Palo Alto, Cal.

Greetings Unlimited
St. Paul & Minneapolis, Minn.
Hy-Quality Card Co., Inc.
Kansas City 6, Mo.
Imperial Greeting Card Co.
Los Angeles 13, Cal.
Midwest Card Co.
St. Louis 1, Mo.
Western States Card Co.
Denver 4, Colo.

If this little test works out as well for you as it has for thousands of others it will prove a simple way to make that extra money for which you now have so many good uses. Just mail coupon below—at once, because offer may never be repeated.

HARRY DOEHLA and ASSOCIATES, Studio 5-38,

(Address any one of: NASHUA, N. H., ST. LOUIS 1, MO., or PALO ALTO, CAL.)

Send Personalized Stationery, imprinted with my name and address. Also send "Extra Money" Plan and samples of Doehla Christmas and All-Year-Round assortments on approval. The Personalized Stationery is mine to keep free. I will return the assortments (without cost or obligation) UNLESS I find that merely showing them to other folks can provide me with an easy way to make extra money.

Name _____
(Please PRINT Your Name and Address VERY Clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

IF & WHEN You Move, Please Remember to Send Your Old AND New Address to THE SIGN

SEND FOR Free Record START SPEAKING SPANISH OR FRENCH

ALMOST
OVERNIGHT!



HERE'S the easiest way to learn a new language. Listen to FREE 2-sided non-breakable record. Let your eyes follow words in FREE sample lesson. Almost at once you'll be chatting whole sentences in your new language with a perfect accent! Offer may end soon. Rush 25¢ to help cover cost of special packaging, shipping of free record, lesson. State language you want. We'll send free information on full Cortina course. No obligation.

Also:
GERMAN
ITALIAN
RUSSIAN
JAPANESE
BRAZILIAN

CORTINA ACADEMY

Established in 1882

Dept. 1338, 136 W. 52nd St., New York 19

ROSARY HEART BOX



APPROPRIATE GIFT

For First Communion
For Confirmation
To the Bride

only 50¢ postpaid

"MY ROSARY AND CROSS"
imprinted in gold on cover

Rosary Not Included

Base in Ivory - Black - Light Blue
Cover Crystal Clear Plastic

Send 50¢ in coin—No C.O.D.
Special Prices in Quantity Lots

CENTRAL SALES CO.

P. O. Box 431

Leominster, Mass.

Congratulations on your picture story of "Nurse Midwives of Santa Fe." I waited to write until I saw whether there would be criticism of the article and was surprised to find that anyone could find anything objectionable about it. As a graduate of Catholic schools, a registered nurse, and a mother of four children, I feel qualified to say that we need more of this type of article. True modesty is a sign of a Catholic but not false modesty; this can cause great misunderstanding and also suffering.

Our world today is so filled with the materialistic approach that it is necessary for us continually to reappraise our thinking and to try to see things from God's point of view. Among God's most beautiful creations are sex, marriage, childbirth, and family life.

Why do our Catholic doctors, nurses, and hospitals follow the materialistic ones in separating the family at the time of childbirth and making it a cold surgical procedure, instead of a normal, beautiful experience in which the doctor stands by to encourage and take part only as necessary for the sake of the safety of mother and child? In other words, why do we all think we know better than God who invented this wonderful procedure in the first place? . . .

Again, thank you for your article and let's have more of the same to help our mothers (and fathers).

MRS. GILES KELLIHER
NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

"Japan: The Apt Pupil"

I have read with much disgust "Japan: The Apt Pupil" in the June issue of THE SIGN, "by 1919 abortions reached a total of about 200,000 a year, this promising start has now pyramided into mass production. They didn't do it till the Americans came." In my opinion, any Government that permits such practices is not only immoral, but stupid and ignorant.

VINCENT D. CRAWFORD
EL CAJON, CALIF.

"The Secret"

How "The Secret" by Marie Thérèse Prohaska ever passed your editorial staff for publication in the June issue of THE SIGN is difficult to comprehend. This story of a worldly, cigarette-smoking woman would seem appropriate under the covers of a dime novel or one featuring ultra-modern fiction. In a Catholic magazine we expect to see stories which uplift the soul rather than those which emphasize human failings and passions.

As I recall, the writer subscribed to THE SIGN magazine in answer to an appeal at Sunday Mass by a Passionist missionary. I am quite sure he described your magazine as one which would promote Catholic interests and make us know our religion better. What a disappointment to find, instead, a cheap, trashy story like "The Secret," whose heroine, typical of today's spoiled, sophisticated women, calms her nerves with cigarettes and solves her problems with sleeping pills rather than with prayer and thoughts of God!

If acceptance of such story material as "The Secret" continues to be the policy of (Continued on page 71)

To introduce you to the joys of belonging to the **AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB**



JAPANESE LANTERN LAMP
Almost 18" high
Shade 12" wide



JAPANESE SILVER PILLBOX
1 1/4" diameter



SIAMESE BRACELET
7" long



GRECIAN TERRA-COTTA PLATE
7" diameter



EGYPTIAN COPPER URN
8" high



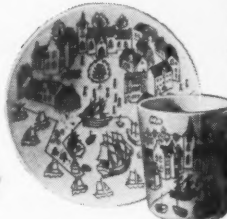
AUSTRIAN BUD VASES
7" high



CEYLONESE ELEPHANT
4" long



BELGIAN CRYSTAL BELL
4 1/4" high



DANISH CERAMIC SET
Plate 5" diameter
Cup 2 1/2" high



BLACK FOREST CLOCK
7" high

JAPANESE LANTERN LAMP
A modern development of the ancient Japanese Festival Lamp, delicately contoured, sturdily made. As up-to-date as tomorrow, — for any room you have!

JAPANESE SILVER PILLBOX
A beautiful sterling silver pillbox with graceful peacocks carved on the cover. 1 1/4" diameter. Slips easily into pocket or purse.

SIAMESE BRACELET
From Bangkok, the fabulous "City of a thousand dreams", comes this handsome Sterling Silver Bracelet, crafted by master silversmiths for you!

AUSTRIAN BUD VASES
You could scour the world and never find a pair of bud vases more beautiful than these. Hand-made, of purest crystal, hour-glass shape. 4" tall.

EGYPTIAN COPPER URN
This skillfully-crafted copper pitcher is made of Arabic design by artisans of the world-famous Mouskey Bazaar. Their techniques are 1000 years old!

GRECIAN TERRA-COTTA PLATE
Few objects capture the spirit of ancient Greece as well as this lovely plate handmade in Athens. A cultural treasure that embellishes your home.

CEYLONESE ELEPHANT
A fascinating elephant statuette, hand-carved from mahogany by the "family" wood-carvers of Ceylon. A "conversation-piece" for your home.

BELGIAN CRYSTAL BELL
This unusual objet d'art, hand-blown of pure crystal, stands over 4 1/4" high and has an exquisite ringing tone. Engraved by Belgium's greatest artists.

DANISH CERAMIC SET
Paul Hoyerup, Denmark's most beloved illustrator, created the charming decorations for this rare and magnificent Ceramic Set. A brilliant "find"!

BLACK FOREST CLOCK
From the fabled Black Forest of Germany comes this ingenious creation of master craftsmen, to keep time for you for years. Designed for any room.

FREE

ANY ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL GIFTS FROM ABROAD (Value \$4 to \$6)

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE **AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB**

To demonstrate the *quality and value* of Around-the-World Shoppers Club gifts, we will send you your choice of any one of the unusual gifts shown above, yours **FREE!** Each is a typical example of the exquisite selections members have received in the past! New members will receive even more thrilling values!



BEAUTIFUL GIFTS FROM THE WORLD OVER
Wouldn't you like to go shopping around the globe with a traveller who knows where the *finest merchandise* is? Would you like to visit distant lands, shop for exquisite gifts in exotic bazaars, go through fantastic Old World workshops, watch native craftsmen create beautiful things with their ancient skills? Best of all—wouldn't you like to make your home a "show place" with the exciting gifts you've purchased—values as much as *double* what you are asked to pay for them?

A THRILLING SURPRISE EACH MONTH
AS A DEMONSTRATION of the thrills and enjoyment of shopping abroad, let us send you any one of the exciting gifts illustrated above, *yours without charge.*

AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB, 71 Concord Street, Newark 5, N. J.

Then, as a "passenger" on our magic carpet you will receive a surprise gift each month from a *different foreign land*. Your gifts come *direct to your home postpaid and duty free* in packages all covered with exotic foreign stamps. With each surprise selection will come a colorful brochure telling the story of your gift!

When you actually see the articles, you will wonder how the Club can offer such tremendous bargains. The secret is that foreign nations need U.S. dollars and offer the Club unheard-of-values in exchange.

JOIN TODAY BY MAILING THE COUPON

So—come aboard our magic carpet and let's set out on our shopping trip! You may join for 3 months for \$7.00, 6 months for \$12.00 or 12 months for \$22.00. Although it is expected that these prices will be increased in the near future you are guaranteed against any price rise for a full year if you join now. Furthermore, if you are not captivated by the first Around-the-World Shoppers Club gift selection sent to your home, keep it as well as the free gift you are now selecting, and receive a full refund. Mail the coupon now while you may choose any one of these lovely gifts **FREE!**

Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. E
71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.

Please enroll me as a Member and send me free for joining.

- | (Check One) | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bracelet, 447-G | <input type="checkbox"/> Lantern Lamp, 452-K |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ceramic Set, 448-D | <input type="checkbox"/> Elephant, 453-E |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crystal Bell, 449-B | <input type="checkbox"/> Terra Cotta Plate, 454-R |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Copper Urn, 450-AA | <input type="checkbox"/> Bud Vases, 455-W |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pillbox, 451-FF | <input type="checkbox"/> Clock, 456-C |

Start regular monthly shipments of the Club's selection of foreign merchandise direct to me from countries of origin and continue through the following term of membership:

- ☐ 3 Months for \$7.00 ☐ 6 Months for \$12.00
☐ 12 Months for \$22.00

I enclose remittance for \$.....

Name Please Print

Address

City & Zone State

☐ Check here if you have ever before been a member.

(NOTE: The U. S. Post Office Dept. charges a service fee of 15¢ for delivering foreign packages, which is collected by your postman.)

CANADA: 3 mos., \$7.95; 6 mos., \$14.00; 12 mos., \$26.00. Delivered to your home without payment of additional duty or postage. Address: 71 Vitre St. West, Montreal 1, Que.

FIRST among the finest...

... That's where THE SIGN ranked in the modern field of pictorial journalism for which awards were given at the annual Catholic Press Association Convention. For our readers' pleasure we present again:

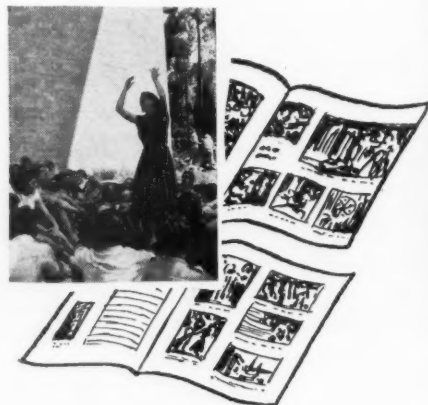


BEST PHOTOGRAPH

From the inspiring SIGN Picture Story, *Little Deaf Boy*, in the September, 1954 issue. Jacques Lowe's camera caught the rapt faces of deaf children watching TV at St. Mary's School for them in Buffalo.

BEST PICTORIAL TREATMENT . . .

Pilgrimage to Chartres, presented as a Marian Year feature in the May, 1954 issue, was a graphic picture story of the annual pilgrimage of students from Paris to the cathedral at Chartres, shrine to Our Lady.



\$3 A YEAR
TWO YEARS \$5

The Sign
National Catholic Magazine

Promotion Dept.
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

AUGUST

1955

Vol. 35



No. 1

ARTICLES

The American Scene

- The Suede-Shoe Boys.....William P. Walsh 26
Where the Aged are People (A Sign Picture Story)..... 51

The World Scene

- Democratic Ferment West of the Andes.....Edwin A. Lahey 18
Parish of the Poor (A Sign Picture Story)..... 22
Belgium's School War.....Thérèse de Caraman Chimay 29

Various

- One-Man Task Force.....Victor Riesel 15
Salute to a Bigot.....Henry Edwards 20
Should Mom Go to Work?.....Robert Senser 43
The Last Mothering.....Jude Mead, C. P. 49

SHORT STORIES

- Missing PersonGiovanni Guareschi 32
The Girl MechanicRuth Hume 36

EDITORIALS

- The Ultraconservative and Internationalism
Ralph Gorman, C. P. 10
Current Fact and Comment..... 11

ENTERTAINMENT

- Radio and Television.....John Lester 54
Stage and Screen.....Jerry Cotter 58

FEATURES

- Letters 3
God the Father.....Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B. 42
People 46
Woman to Woman.....Katherine Burton 48
Young Maidens Running—Poem.....Jessica Powers 50
The Young Bucks.....Red Smith 56
Sign PostAloysius McDonough, C. P. 61
Books 63

Cover Photo by Bernard Moosbrugger—Black Star

EDITOR

REV. RALPH GORMAN, C.P.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

REV. DAMIAN REID, C.P.
REV. JEREMIAH KENNEDY, C.P.
DENNIS HOWARD

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN C. O'BRIEN (*Washington*)
JERRY COTTER (*Drama*)
RED SMITH (*Sports*)
KATHERINE BURTON
(*Women's Interests*)
REV. ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.,
(*Sign Post*)
JOHN LESTER (*Radio and TV*)
CLIFFORD LAUBE (*Poetry*)

ART DIRECTOR

FRANK ROSSI

BUSINESS—CIRCULATION

REV. DONALD NEALIS, C.P.,
Business Manager
WILLIAM C. REILLY,
Promotion Director
FRANK R. MAGNIN,
Advertising Manager

FIELD REPRESENTATIVES

REV. PIUS TREVOY, C.P., Director
REV. HUGH CARROLL, C.P.
REV. AUSTIN BUSBY, C.P.
REV. BRIAN MAHEDY, C.P.

MISSION DEPARTMENT

REV. HAROLD POLETTI, C.P.
Procurement

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers, (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$3.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 25¢. Canada, \$3.00 a year; Foreign, \$3.50 per year.—All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered. — Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication.—Subscriptions and Advertising inquiries should be addressed to the Business Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, Change of Address should be sent in at least four weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the OLD and the NEW address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-8400. — Entered as Second-Class matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 538, Act of May 24, 1925.—All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any contribution. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index. Copyright by THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., 1955.



The Ultraconservative and Internationalism

WE would like to expand our thoughts a little on the ultraconservative and internationalism, a subject we touched on briefly in a March editorial. Then, as they would say in a movie travelogue, we shall bid the subject a fond farewell, at least for some time to come.

There is something primitive and contradictory in the ultraconservative's hatred of everything international, even the word itself. He acts and speaks as if the world beyond his own frontiers were inhabited by goblins, as if all that is foreign is evil.

Naturally he is isolationist. He fears international contacts, especially at government level, because, although he under-rates all foreigners, he thinks Uncle Sam is no match for them. He considers the U.S. strong enough to go it alone. Indeed, he considers all allies lazy mendicants who squander their income and then mooch money from Uncle Sam instead of working for it. Often the terms he uses in denouncing Britain and France are only a little less violent than those he uses for Soviet Russia.

This type loves to quote Washington's Farewell Address warning the U.S. against entangling alliances, forgetting that Washington had never heard of H-bombs, jet planes, and radar networks. While condemning alliances as leading to war, he advocates a big-stick policy in international relations. He demands warlike measures to free Americans held captive by the Chinese Reds. He would unleash the horrors of nuclear war and sacrifice millions of human lives in what could only be a futile effort to free a few men.

The ultraconservative never reflects that while patriotism is a virtue, its excess becomes a vice. He is quite correct in being for America first, but he has no right to be an America Firster—for America first, second, last, and always, for America right or wrong. He doesn't recall that Pope Pius XI said: "Beware of exaggerated nationalism as of a veritable curse." He doesn't stop to think that for a Christian there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Englishman nor Frenchman, black nor white. He is always ready to tell you that charity begins at home, ignoring the fact that it shouldn't stay there.

The ultraconservative is against the U.N., although he may at times give it a limited lip service. He was against the League of Nations, and if the U.N. goes out of existence, he will oppose what-

ever organization succeeds it. He thinks that he is against the U.N. because of its defects—which it certainly has—but he is against it because it is an international organization and that he cannot tolerate.

We enjoyed reading a recent book *Conservatism in America* by Clinton Rossiter. Here are a few lines from the author's recommendations to his readers: "Support, active but not credulous, of the United Nations; co-operation, friendly but not obsequious, with England, France, and the rest of the Western world; understanding, charitable but not gullible, of the aspirations of would-be neutrals like India and Indonesia; firmness but not intransigence toward the Soviet Union and China; a disposition to lower barriers to world trade; a willingness to explore, calmly and carefully, new avenues to international control of atomic energy; and a determination to keep up the military defense of the West as long as the Soviet Union makes this course necessary." That's a good program.

AND here's something from a far greater authority, Pope Pius XII: "A convinced Christian cannot confine himself within an easy and egotistical 'isolationism,' when he witnesses the needs and the misery of his brothers; when pleas for help come to him from those in economic distress; . . . when he is not ignorant of the aberrations of an intransigent nationalism which denies or spurns the common bonds linking the separate nations together, and imposing on each one of them many and varied duties toward the great family of nations. . . . The Catholic Christian, persuaded that every man is his neighbor and that every nation is a member, with equal rights, of the family of nations, co-operates wholeheartedly in those generous efforts . . . which aim at saving individual states from the narrowness of a self-centered mentality."

That's internationalism—a Christian internationalism.

Fraser Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS

IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



United Press

Margarete Ottilinger, former Austrian official, is greeted on her return from Russian prison. Returnees reported some twenty Americans in Red slave camps. Let's see Comrade Molotov explain this one away



Religious News

Sister M. Joseph, O.S.B., receives first blessing from her son, Rev. William Statham, M.M., after his ordination. Her two other priest-sons look on. Sister Joseph entered Benedictines after her husband's death

AS cold war tensions appear to be easing, we note a corresponding relaxation on the internal security front. A Senate committee warns against misuse of the "Attorney General's List." Congress

Internal Security: The Middle Ground

votes a twelve-man bipartisan committee to investigate government security programs. Various federal courts have cracked

down on the Executive in loyalty matters. It was probably more coincidence than design that these changes all happened around the same time. Our concern with misuse of security measures antedated the new peace line from the Kremlin. Let us hope, however, that any changes will be based on reason and realism, and not merely upon emotional reactions to isolated abuses.

We would go along, for example, with ex-Senator Cain and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in their attacks on misuse of the list of Communist fronts. These lists are useful in the hands of experts. They have definite legal and investigative functions. But they are dangerous when used indiscriminately and inexpertly.

For example, many amateur sleuths (and some government investigators) forget that the very essence of a Communist front organization is its design to snare the innocent. By definition, Communist control of such groups is concealed. Their espoused aims are such that reputable non-Communists can and will accept them. Once their real aims and control are revealed, such fronts lose their usefulness.

Given this fact, the citing of "front affiliations" of any given individual can be dangerous and unjust. A list of such connections by itself is meaningless. In some cases, it would lead an expert to suspect actual Party membership. Such would be the case with key officers in certain fronts at certain times.

In other situations, a long list of front affiliations might be compatible with strong anti-Communist leanings. One former senator, at least, could not resist the appeal to join and to sign. While consistently and actively anti-Communist, he amassed over twenty front connections. His judgment was not very sound in this matter, but his loyalty to America was still uncompromising.

PERSONS with long and first-hand experience in security matters are not surprised by such situations. They realize the deviousness and intricacy of the Communist conspiracy and are prepared for almost anything. But the amateur and the untrained security officer are not equipped for delicate analysis. Any difficulty creates a doubt, and all doubts are resolved in favor of security, no matter what injustice is worked against an individual. The unfortunate effect of confusing the innocent with the guilty is that security itself suffers in the long run. There is public revulsion against "police-state methods." Security officers are put on the defensive. Courts knock out valid indictments. Communists and their conscious sym-

Trained Investigators

Security officers are put on the defensive. Courts knock out valid indictments. Communists and their conscious sym-

thizers obtain passports, security clearances, and laudatory editorials in the public press.

For these reasons, we welcome the proposal for a high-level commission to investigate the whole problem. We hope that men of competence and insight will be appointed to the task. Such a group should help clear away some of the confusion and doubt that is in the public mind today.

But the ultimate answer is bound to involve the competence and judgment of investigators and security boards. This human element cannot be by-passed. If security personnel were rigorously trained by the best investigators of either the F.B.I. or Civil Service Administration, the program would be more competently and fairly carried out.

THE sight of the four "summit" men playing friends at Geneva carries as little illusion as the antics of neighborhood toddlers playing Davy Crockett in a coonskin cap. But whatever will eventually come of the Geneva mission, a question about it must still prod others as it prods us: Why was Mr. Dulles frowned on, frosted, and finally vetoed when he suggested discussion of the plight of the Soviet satellites?

Mr. Dulles' Embarrassing Question

Granted that such discussion would embarrass the Soviet bosses. Shouldn't they be embarrassed? Granted that the ensuing brawl would risk botching the success of a new program of peaceful coexistence. Isn't such a program of coexistence in effect now? And can't it be as peaceful as Russia will allow it to be, without anybody having to go to Geneva to think up a new one?

On the credit side, however, a little exploratory surgery into the plight of the satellites would have these happy effects:

It would uncover and spotlight the open secret that the satellites are slave nations, devoid of civil rights. It would be excellent propaganda for our cause before the free world, perhaps convincing it of the disinterestedness of our efforts to help. This conviction by no means prevails now, even among those who have been most assiduously pursued by our beneficence. Finally—and most important—it would deliver a message of hope and courage to the enslaved, perhaps preparing the way for an eventual revolution.

But our willingness to deal with the Communist bosses on an agenda of their own making—without any consideration of the unfortunates they boss—will persuade nobody to trust us or want us.

THE flaw in our attack is that, while we donate an enormous amount of "aid," our generosity is based on expediency rather than sincere concern for others. We are not thinking of their plight. We are eying our own. What stirs us is the expense and anxiety of our involvement in the cold war. Or the possibility that unless we buy a lot of friends, some trick of fortune or lapse from vigilance may some day cause us to lose our rank as a free nation or the top nation.

Over Courteous Courtesy

As a consequence, a taint in our philosophy of pacification occasionally shows up. We are overready to accept the status quo. To let the enslaved remain enslaved forever. To coexist with criminals and live with them as golf and cocktail companions. We merely want to be left as we are. Without, however, the panicky tension that annoys us now.

A little exercise in hypothesis will show how risky this policy can be.

Suppose that, by some not entirely implausible political miracle, the oppressed millions of the Soviet empire should

win their release despite our neglect of them. How would we rate with them, then? Should we be surprised if, like their former masters, they ganged up on us in an attempt to break us and knock us off our top spot?

The only reason they would be free would be the happy accident that our policies of peaceful coexistence had missed fire. Those policies which, for instance, included non-discussion of their plight in international talking bees. Policies, too, in which, with casual tolerance, we had them cast in the role of captives forever, barring accidents.

Or—to revert to Mr. Dulles—policies such as that exemplified in hushing him up when he wanted to ask Bulganin the simple question: When do you fellows plan to let Eastern Europeans vote without a gun in their backs or without the threat of a stint in some Siberian labor camp?

WHAT will eventually become of Peron as a result of developments in Argentina a few weeks back is not apparent at this writing. But two facts related to

American Plaudits for Peron

his recent ordeal would look better in the role of tall stories than sober truths. The first is the spectacle of the head of a nation—Juan D. Peron, President of Argentina—inciting mobs to the heaving of rocks and the burning of churches,

Since the essential function of an executive is maintenance of civic order, this performance immediately brands Peron as a man naked not only of high virtue but even of common civilization.

The second fact is the spectacle of certain Protestant leaders and Protestant groups in the United States clapping their hands and yelling *vivas* at him for oppressing the religion and conscience of 95 percent of the Argentine public.

This aspect of the Peron affair is, however, only one small piece in the repetitious pattern of recent history.

Any mad politician, anywhere, who wishes to regiment a largely Catholic country can get a good start by immobilizing in the United States any disposition to so much as wag a finger at him or cough disapprovingly.

All he has to do is attack the Catholic Church. That gesture immediately marshals behind him the most vocal Protestant opinion in the country. The less vocal Protestant is uninformed, hence confused and silent. Statesmen, who are politicians and must get elected by Protestant votes, have to fall in line.

During the years 1946-49, when the Communists were taking over Eastern Europe and the Church was the only organization effectively standing up to them, Stepinac and Mindszenty were vilified and smeared by the loud political element among American Protestant churchmen.

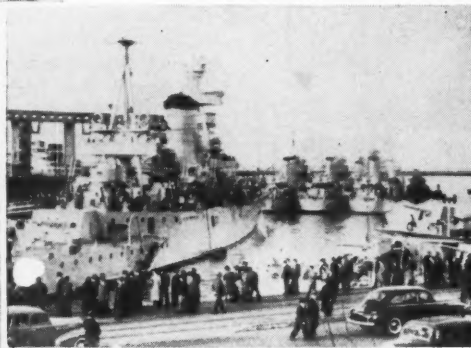
These churchmen pumped up sympathy for the dictators. They played down the persecution of Catholics as a just reprisal for Church interference in party politics. And, after thus helping to put these nations into cages, they added to their crime by formulating the thesis that Catholic countries, not Protestant ones, go Communist.

With the same logic, a pickpocket might claim that the loss of wallets is more prevalent among honest men than among crooks. The honest citizen loses his wallet because the pickpocket helps him lose it. In many instances, Catholic nations have lost their civil rights because Protestant churchmen, by cowing any expression of sympathetic American opinion, have helped them lose them.

Those same men wanted this to happen in Argentina. In fact, they tried to make it happen—if cheering may be supposed to have the effect on dictators that it has on football teams.

This was not four hundred years ago. It was only last month. It was right here in the United States.

TERROR in the Land of Peron



Revolution, sparked by Peron's anti-Catholic persecution, broke out in Argentina on June 16. Navy led rebels, who surprised even the Church



Argentine Army, under General Franklin Lucero, remained loyal to Peron. If it had joined Navy revolt, there would be a new government today

United Press Photos



Frightened but grateful, Dictator Juan Peron fearfully embraces Chief of the "Forces of Repression," General Lucero. After revolt collapsed, Peron was back in the driver's seat. Scare may make him become more moderate



At the Argentine Embassy in Washington, Dr. Cesar Calderon, economic counselor, resigned in sympathy for the rebels. Other Argentines in the U. S. also knocked Peron, notably Alberto Gainza Paz, exiled editor of daily La Prensa

Associated Press

LEFT—Peronista mob gave anti-Catholic demonstration on eve of revolution. They hung figure of a priest, and raised the cry: "Peron, Yes! Priests, No!"



Gillson

Expelled prelates, Msgr. Manuel Tato and Ramon Novoa, arrived in Rome before revolt. Shortly after, Pope excommunicated Peron



United Press

Prime target of Peron's henchmen were members of Argentine Catholic Action. Here, police arrest Catholic Actionist at Buenos Aires church



N. Y. Daily News

Alfred Castellano and his bride waited three months to be the first couple married at New York's Idlewild Airport Chapel of Our Lady of the Skies. They can't exactly say that they got off to a flying start



Associated Press

S. Vietnam Premier Ngo Dinh Diem, left, chats with village leaders during Asian version of "whistle stop tour." Diem's political stock has risen with his efforts to oust both Reds and French from Indochina



Religious News

Negro and white Catholics joined in paying tribute at the grave of Pierre Toussaint, devout Catholic slave who won the heart of New York in early 1800's. His biography was recently published by P. J. Kennedy

Views in Brief

The U.N.—Ten Years After. A decade ago the United Nations was born in hope; it has since matured through periods of strife and disillusionment; today it stands—a little shaken, perhaps—but still symbolic of the hope on which it was founded. Has that hope been misplaced? As the U.N. met again recently in San Francisco, Rev. Joseph Munier, San Francisco diocesan seminary professor, gave the sermon at a special Mass for the delegates. "The Catholic attitude toward the U.N.," he said, "clearly repudiates the resurgent isolationist attacks which are now shouting, 'Get the U.S.A. out of the U.N., and the U.N. out of the U.S.A.' . . . The Pope himself has set the example by personal co-operation" with U.N. specialized agencies.

The Next Decade. The United Nations is by no means a perfect instrument of international order; this, Father Munier recognized. It has had its successes: stopping Red aggression in Korea and Greece are the best known. And it has had its failures: the trying stalemate in Palestine, for one, and the continuing tension between Pakistan and India, for another. How can the U.N. be made more effective? Father Munier thinks charter revision is necessary. The revised charter, he said, must 1. promote recognition of God and the moral law; 2. promote disarmament; 3. strengthen the World Court with compulsory jurisdiction; 4. strengthen the General Assembly with real legislative power; and 5. eliminate the veto in its present form. Some Catholics will find these recommendations not to their taste. It would be well for them to remember, however, that it is vain to expect the U.N. to bear the imprint of Christian principles unless Catholics share the burden of building it into an effective instrument for the peace of mankind.

Happy, happy blank. A pamphlet is being circulated that proclaims "the Doctrine of Centralism": "Have no self. Be more average than anyone." The core of the idea is: "Have no mind of your own. Have no thought, opinion, habit, no desire or preference, no enthusiasm, love or fear of your own." Be just like everyone else. Whether or not the pamphlet influences anyone, it reflects the presence of a widespread mediocrity, a deadening, go-along-with-the-crowd attitude. It demands no convictions; it imposes no morals; it asks no sacrifice. It believes in no lofty ideal, because it prefers flabby, easy acceptance to straight, hard thought. It is devoted to no lofty ideal, because it prefers an uncluttered, effortless drifting to an absorbing, inescapable love. We need Catholics who dare to be different, because they believe in a cause and are fired with love.

Integrity. The British Independent Television Authority has laid down some principles for television advertising. Of particular interest is their protection of "the natural credulity and sense of loyalty of children." "No advertisement is allowed which leads children to believe that if they do not own the product advertised, they will be inferior in some way to other children or that they are liable to be held in contempt or ridicule for not owning it." This seems to us a sound educational principle. Since there is no such control in this country, it would be well for parents to drive these lessons home themselves.

Workers. Pope Pius XII recently re-emphasized workers' right to organize themselves into strong unions to defend their rights. But he warned them: "Social action, yes. . . . But not action based on hatred. That which cares only for material life, ignores what is more excellent, the worth of the soul."

FOR several hours in the early morning of May 19, the Soviet secret police had its chance to put its hands on a one-man, American task force who has done the enemies of our land as much harm as anyone since Sergeant York and Dwight D. Eisenhower were soldiers in the ranks.

That one-man task force was George Meany, president of the AFL, soon to lead America's 15,000,000 unionized working people when the AFL and the CIO merge next December 5.

In the early hours of May 19, Meany and six others in his party were driving through the Russian zone of Austria as swiftly as the night and fatigue would permit them to get from the German border to Vienna. They had been driving since 3:30 P.M. the day before. At that time they had left the Zurich airport by the only transportation available, a crowded, rented car. Their trans-Atlantic ship had been delayed. They had missed their reserved airline connections. A chartered plane would have been extraordinarily costly for the AFL, which does not have the money of some of its ebullient affiliates.

The only scheduled plane for Vienna was solidly booked. Several Americans on it offered Meany their seats. But, as he put it, he had come with his people all the way from the States. He would not leave them now. He would not ride in comfort and leave the others stranded. He rented a car, disregarding the fact that he had no "Gray Card" required by the Soviets for passage through their zone.

For almost seventeen hours they drove, through Switzerland, Germany, and finally the Soviet check points. And George Meany and his people got to Vienna for the early pre-conference parleys which preceded the fourth World Congress of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

In the days that followed that grueling ride, Meany slowly,

One-Man Task Force

**At the world congress of labor,
American delegates stood up to
Socialist snobs of foreign labor.
Mr. Meany led the attack**

by VICTOR RIESEL

Wide World Photo



diplomatically, but tenaciously shifted the leadership of world labor from the pipe-smoking, knighted, British union chiefs to the cigar-chewing Americans.

Never again will the Socialists of Britain, the Social Democrats of Germany, the hyperthyroid left wing Neo-Communist Socialists of Japan, or the down-the-nose-looking, successful Scandinavian labor chiefs view American labor leaders as just money bags with hair grown over.

It would not be fair—and George Meany would be the first to say so—to infer that Meany accomplished all this by himself. That could not be done. There were twenty other American labor chiefs hammering out policy and lobbying with foreign delegates. But there was no doubt Meany was their leader and symbolized their weariness with the endless verbiage and outmoded slogans of Europe's not overly successful, Socialist unionists.

REGARDLESS of differences you've had with this bloc of American labor chiefs, or with Meany himself, your heart would be a dead one indeed if you were not excited by the Americans' pragmatism, their utter refusal to stand for nonsense, the disdain for the class struggle sloganeering, the unwillingness to compromise with neutralism, the Russians, or any other dictatorship.

They saw this world congress of labor for what it really was. True, it represented 54,000,000 unionists in 79 free

nations. But, like the Emperor in the ancient fable, it lacked clothing. Seen stark naked, it was a good show in the big hall of the Viennese *Konzerthaus*, just up the street from *Stalinplatz* and the four-power *Commandatura*. It was colorful with its knighted Englishmen; its fiery Latin Americans (especially the Cuban who wanted to drop the big bomb anywhere, soon); its Negro delegate from Sierre Leonoe, replete in sari, and its Indians in leggings.

BUT it was heavy with that old Socialist hangover of anticlericalism. It was freighted with intellectual snobbery and snide laughter for Americans. It was loaded with free loaders who had tied themselves to sinecures in the ICFTU. It was veering dangerously toward an appeasing neutralism. The Germans were and still are opposed to rearmament. It was filled with friends of Dictator Tito.

And it was moribund.

It was fighting a powder puff cold war against a powerful Soviet espionage and propaganda network in the rival World Federation of Trade Unions, which is headquartered just a short taxi ride from the Americanized Hotel Bristol in Vienna.

The American delegation, with Meany in the lead, was not going to play the patsy for the Socialist snobs of foreign labor. That's a harsh phrase, but accurate reporting demands that it be so described.

The anticlericalism, which found its way into several speeches, was directed against the Christian Trade Unions of Germany. This was soon handled quietly, behind the scenes.

The intellectual snobbery was handled by Meany—both subtly and bluntly. The subtle touch came when I found the musicians' Jimmie Petrillo thumbing through a manuscript in his front-row seat. I asked him what secret document he had that I could steal. He laughed and retorted:

"Meany wants me to make a speech, so I dug into my trunk. Lucky I had this one around for such an emergency."

It was my turn to snicker. But nobody laughed after Jimmie had swung into his talk to the delegates from around the globe. Jimmie clowning a bit. But then Jimmie quit clowning, as he can.

"My visit to Vienna is, in a sense, a pilgrimage to a shrine," he said.

"To me and to the 252,000 members of the American Federation of Musicians of the U.S. and Canada, this city has a very special meaning. Much of the finest music the world has ever known

was born here of the genius of Hayden, Mozart, Beethoven and the tragic Schubert . . ."

And so on, went Jimmie, leaving most of his listeners away out in the cultural bleachers. America is rebuilding the Viennese Opera, he pointed out. And this they understood, for they could see the scaffolding outside the Hotel Bristol.

"For us there is a deep satisfaction that the U.S.—the richest and most generous of nations—was the first to help restore music and the cultural arts in Europe," Petrillo said. "We of the western world have long been the target of Communist propaganda which describes us as money grubbers, a materialistic nation with no interest in the arts. Our ready assistance to other nations in building their cultural outlets goes far to disprove their charge."

There were those among the Americans who were a little embarrassed by the thought of a speech on music at this august gathering. But the delegates listened and they applauded well.

PETRILLO spoke at the request of George Meany. It may not have convinced the British or the German laborites that we can hum anything more than "Rock and Roll" and "Davy Crockett," but it had its impact on many a delegate.

Later I walked back to the headquarters hotel with Jimmie Petrillo, resplendent in a big white and black checked cap.

"I hated to face that crowd, but I'd read that speech to those Russian soldiers, if Meany wanted it."

I have never heard a tough labor leader talk that way of an AFL chief in all my years on this beat.

But there were blunter moments.

By the time Meany got up to make his first speech, the British had said over and over again in private talks that this was not the moment to rock the boat or annoy those who would soon be meeting at the summit. The Russians might take umbrage. They might not come to the summit if nasty things were said in Vienna. Meany and the rest of the American labor delegation listened.

Then early on the opening day of the world congress Meany arose—and laid it on the line.

" . . . Remember—and this applies to all countries—without first defeating Communist infiltration and subversion at home you can never stop Communist invasion and slavery from abroad. . . . Yes, it is only from positions of strength that the forces of peace and freedom can advance their cause. Never can the



Wide World

J. H. Oldenbroek. In sewing circle discussions: no inspiration

cause of human liberty and world peace be served by appeasing aggression or retreating before imperialism—whether it be the new, the Soviet, brand which in reality is not new but as old as tyranny itself—or any other type of colonial exploitation and oppression.

"When we of American labor say we are for freedom, it is not a matter of speaking for the record. The only record we know, the only record that counts, is the record of action, the record of deeds and not demagoguery. To us freedom is the most serious matter of all. Without freedom, there can be no free trade unions in any country. We talk and work for freedom because we believe in it and are ready to fight for it. . . ."

A few days later, the pussyfooters in the world labor congress were still not ready to whip the organization into a fighting outfit. Meany was at his seat in the front row. He had his translating earphones on. Suddenly they came off. The cigar tilted at an angry angle.

HE asked for the floor. Meany put it on the line. No accord between the Western powers and the Soviet Union would soften labor's hostility toward the Soviet slave regime, he warned.

He lashed out at the heads of the Western states. He wanted no world half slave and half free. The Communist and the democratic system could not co-exist, he warned, no matter what arrangements the heads of states might feel it necessary to make to prevent war.

"The men of Moscow" are determined to destroy free labor, he charged.

The neutralist delegations from European, Indian, Japanese, and African unions listened hard. Later some of them changed their positions. The British shifted, too. At first they had contended that Meany and the other Americans wanted to change the structure of the ICFTU leadership so that American money would be required—and that would give the Americans control of the world congress of labor.

But they changed their minds and left only the German Socialists of the powerful delegations muttering that the Americans wanted to take over.

Meany demanded that the ICFTU get off its swivel chairs and crusade against Communism. He left little doubt that the organization's secretary, J. H. Oldenbroek of the Netherlands, was a bureaucrat who couldn't provide any more inspiration than a sewing circle discussion of silk gauze curtain fashions on the modern window.

Meany wanted action. The American delegation wanted action. The Communist world has crept over one-third of

the earth's land mass. Its bayonets encircle more than one billion of the world's 2,500,000,000 people. Its money is subverting unions everywhere. Here is the congress of free labor and nothing is being done.

There were secret meetings all over the place. When they were over, the ICFTU high command had decided that it will have a Director of Organization from now on. He will have three assistants. Their assignment will be to beat the Communist global apparatus to the punch wherever there are no unions.

Furthermore, the Director of Organization and his aides are to survey the world and discover where the Communists are digging in and might take over by default.

Once the trouble spot is located—be it Indonesia or Latin America, the new task force is under orders to get there and coordinate the fight against Communist infiltration and subversion. For such work the American delegation is willing to contribute \$100,000 above its regular dues.

Amazingly enough, the other key delegations agreed to increase their contributions sharply, too.

This was a great victory for American labor. Evidence that it was a victory for the mainstreets of America, from which have poured forth so many young soldiers, can be seen in the fact that the *Daily Worker* was really upset by the revitalizing of the ICFTU.

AND well it might be. The Communist world appears to have taken a holiday from violence. It must depend entirely on subversion of unions in critical areas—especially in the Orient. To succeed without Soviet bayonets, the Russians' Communist parties across the world must infiltrate unions and use them as a base not only for sabotage, but to capture government power as they did in Guatemala.

They must provoke riots such as the one which killed 400 textile workers in Pakistan last year. Or the riot in Singapore some months ago.

They must control the transportation and electrical-power workers in such critical areas as Hong Kong, Macao, and Indonesia. They must get to the African workers first to stir violence and hatred as they did in Kenya.

VICTOR RIESEL, a columnist whose work is syndicated in 183 daily newspapers with a combined circulation of 23 million readers, also lectures and does radio, TV, and magazine writing.



United Press

Only that way can they now turn nations and people against us and stack the odds against the western world so steep that they would again be tempted to turn the cold war in for a hot one.

Now, because of one man's leadership of the American labor team at Vienna, the world congress of labor is more than just a spinning mimeograph machine turning out stentorian statements, unmatched by even mouselike actions.

Now it will have the money and the manpower to fight back and keep the Soviets from occupying positions we would need many divisions to recover. This fight in Vienna was far from being an esoteric, philosophical exercise. In the strange, new world of fast political footwork, infiltration, and subversion, new types of counteroffensives are needed. Not all battles are won by the military. In fact, fewer and fewer are won by the force of arms, old-fashioned or nuclear.

Meany's victory and American labor's victory saved the lives of many a future GI.

These victories also marked the coming to maturity of a powerful force in American life. It showed that the musicians, the plumbers, the men's-pants pressers, the ladies'-garment workers, the sheet-metal workers, and the people of the American slums, the ghettos, and Hell's Kitchen have given the world an intellectuality, a courage, and a political and diplomatic dexterity of which all can be mighty proud.



United Press
**Carlos Ibanez: A rule
of drift and decline**

**Eduardo Frei: Next
President of Chile?**



A RELATIVELY small but highly militant band of left of center Catholics in Chile may give the Western Hemisphere its first authentic Christian Democratic government.

The writer, on a recent visit in Santiago, was told by a number of persons of diverse political beliefs that the most likely man to become president of the Republic of Chile at the next national elections in 1958 was Eduardo Frei, a member of the Chilean Senate and the outstanding leader of Catholic liberal thought in Chile.

Senator Frei, a tall and jovial lawyer and the father of seven children at the age of forty-four, is what Latin Americans call a "good" Catholic, as distinguished from "plain" Catholic.

Down in this part of the world, a "plain" Catholic gets baptized, makes his first Communion, is confirmed, and then marries in the Church. Very frequently the next priest seen by the "plain" Catholic is the padre who comes in just ahead of the undertaker. The "plain" Catholics are in the majority.

When friends and associates describe someone like Eduardo Frei as a "good Catholic" (usually with a note of awe in their voices), they simply mean that he works at the practice of his religion.

Senator Frei is one of the founders and leaders of the Chilean Falange party, which bases its philosophy on the teachings of the great papal encyclicals, *Rerum Novarum*, *Quadragesimo Anno*, and *Divini Redemptoris*.

The Chilean Falangists are rather

quick to point out that they are not related politically, ideologically, or otherwise to the Spanish Falangists.

The Falange commands no more than 25,000 votes out of a total of nearly 1,000,000 votes in Chile. The entire Christian Democratic movement in Chile, made of other Catholic groups similar to the Falange, commands about 150,000 votes.

But these militant Catholics are heard far and wide. As a matter of fact, Juan Domingo Peron, the "constitutional dictator" of Argentina, who is engaged in a bitter fight against the Catholic Church in his domain, blames the Chilean Christian Democrats for the "subversive" ideas that have seeped into the rank and file of Argentine Catholics and threatened his control.

"We have close relations with the Christian Democrats in Argentina," Senator Frei told the writer. "We have always been against Peron, because we are against dictators. We have still more reason to be against him now when he attacks the Church and our friends the Social Christians in Argentina."

At first glance, it seems a little unreasonable to assume that the Christian Democrats of Chile, who represent less than one-fifth of the total vote in this republic, could establish their right to govern in the next election.

But the local political wiseacres insist that there is such a possibility.

Political life in Chile has become fragmented as it is in France. In the Chilean Senate today there are eight

political parties represented. In the lower house of the Chilean Congress, there are nineteen parties.

Experts in politics here can very readily show you the permutations and combinations that would produce a coalition of middle-of-the-road groups behind the Christian Democrats as the only means for averting political domination by either the far left or the far right in the next few years. The social and economic unrest now apparent in Chile under the drifting regime of President Carlos Ibanez presents a ready-made atmosphere for Communist agitation, on one hand, or a reactionary revolution on the other.

A CCEPTING the average Chilean's statement that the nation will get through the next few years without a revolution, it is still a fact that the ravages of inflation and the lowering of the standard of living will inevitably polarize political discussion in Chile in the coming months, to produce strong men of the far right, advocating Peronist measures for national recovery, and to further embolden the Communists, who are outlawed theoretically in Chile, but who still operate openly.

In this increasingly tense atmosphere, the voice of the Christian Democrats, led by Senator Frei and others of the same school of thought, comes through clear and full of confidence for the future. In the opinion of most observers here, that voice will mobilize enough strength from the center in 1958 to pare

Democratic Ferment West of the Andes

Hopeful things are happening in the political life
of Argentina's next-door neighbor. Keep your eye
on a young Chilean Christian Democrat named
Eduardo Frei. He may be the first to bring
Christian Democracy to life in the Americas

by Edwin A. Lahey



the far left and the far right down to extreme fringe organizations.

Senator Frei in the past has made the U. S. State Department a little nervous about his left-wing tendencies. They recognize in Washington that Frei is what the Latin Americans call a "good Catholic" but have frowned upon his sometimes tolerant attitude toward Communists.

In his present attitude toward the Reds in Chile, Frei takes the position that intelligent democratic leadership in the trade unions and in other mass organizations can do more to combat Communism than repressive police measures.

Frei and the Christian Democrats of Chile are opposed to the 1948 law which, among other things, outlawed the Communist party. The opposition of the Christian Democrats to this law is based on provisions which could be used to break trade unions. The law is on the books, but its sanctions against trade unions and the Communist party have not been invoked.

Frei explains that the Christian Democratic movement in his country had its beginning in 1934.

"The Conservative party in the nineteenth century was the only party in our country," he said. "This was a Catholic party, and it was identified with the oligarchy.

"In the 1930's there were many Nazis in Chile, and the Conservative party was lined up with the oligarchy. The people were becoming Socialist and Communist.

"We young Chileans, many of us from the University of Chile and the Catholic University of Santiago, believed strongly that it was necessary for a Catholic movement to reach the workers and the middle classes. This was the beginning of a number of splits away from the traditional party of the Catholics.

"Young people and workers were strongly attracted to our movement and joined with us for the purpose of separating the mass of the people from either the far right or the far left.

"We have patterned our movement on the Christian Democratic movements of Italy, France, Belgium, and Holland. Jacques Maritain has been a great influence upon us, but not the only one."

Frei has the political courage to express criticism of the social security system of Chile, the most advanced in the world, so far advanced that the economy of the little nation has a great burden financing it. Social security taxes in Chile range from 30 per cent to more than 50 per cent of wages.

"It may not be politically expedient to say so, but I believe there are many things wrong with our social security system," Frei declared. "The burden has become too great, and there is obvious injustice in a system where some white collar workers and government employees can retire at the age of fifty-five, while workers cannot retire until they are sixty-five."

American officials in Chile are aware of the general feeling that Frei might be the next President. While still nervous

about the Catholic leader's past co-operation with the far left, they feel that he will be a solid friend of the U. S.

Frei is quick to encourage this belief in his comments about the U. S.

"We may have some criticism of your country, but we also have a basic good will," he says.

"I believe that the most important problem for Chile today is to define our relations with the United States.

"There is no question in my mind but that we must be on the side of democracy, without reservations, and that we are going to need much help from the United States in private and public financing of our resources."

Frei says there is no danger of his country ever going Communist.

The Communists still have strong influence among the Chilean coal miners, but they have steadily lost ground to the Falangists and other Christian Democratic groups among the copper and nitrate miners of Northern Chile.

"This country is left of center. It will never have a right wing dictatorship or a Communist government," the Catholic leader said.

The next few years will determine whether Frei is right. If he is, Frei may very well emerge as the first Christian Democrat to manage the affairs of a Western Hemisphere nation.

EDWIN A. LAHEY, reporter for the Washington Bureau of the Chicago Daily News, recently returned from an extended tour of South America, which included a stay in Chile.



You're renominated to the Hall of Fame. And you're a shoo-in

SALUTE TO A BIGOT

Usually, bigots are dumb. But not the oldest one of all. He was the champ, the idea man for all the rest

by **HENRY EDWARDS**
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

WHEN the Church was as young as the U.S.A., a story-conscious pagan free-lancer got a bright idea. Anticipating the market by eighteen centuries, he wrote a "Confidential" on the Christians and scared the pants off the citizens of pagan Rome. His name was Celsus.

So successful was his "Confidential" that seventy-five years later, the Church's smoke-eaters were still running around with buckets and axes, dousing the blaze of suspicion he lit in the inflammable patriotic sensibilities of the Empire.

Celsus' book was about the size of a short novelette and bore the somewhat juicy title, *True Story*. Though small in size as books go, it was one of the biggest sticks of literary dynamite a Christian-baiter ever tossed at the Church.

You can't find a copy of it in the whole world, yet we know practically every word that was in it, because of an odd fact. Two generations after Celsus autographed the first copies and long

after the author lay moldering in some marble mausoleum in a cypress grove, the little book was still hot stuff. An anxious Christian, named Ambrose, suggested to a friend of his, named Origen, that he put the lid on it once and for all. Origen did.

Origen was a six-thousand-book man. No, that is not the number of books he read. It is the number he wrote. Not being the skimping kind, Origen wrapped-up his answer to Celsus in a generous volume which ran to the size of about five current best sellers. He gave it the honest title, *Against Celsus*, and quoted the dead pagan word for word in the process of lining up the old arguments, like old debts, for final payment and receipting. The only source for Celsus' *True Story* is Origen's *Against Celsus*. Which is as intriguing as if the only extant picture of Don Cockell were mounted in a gold frame on Rocky Marciano's dressing table.

Celsus' glory as a controversialist is

that he developed his attack eighteen centuries ago and it hasn't been improved on since. He is the oldest of the systematic opponents of the Church, but he is up to date as the newest.

Remember the dissension among Protestants over the recently published Revised Standard Version of the Bible? The translators rendered the key messianic text about the virgin conceiving as "A young woman shall conceive and shall bear a child." This translation removed miracle from the birth of Christ and tended to reduce Him to the dimensions of a mere man. Traditionalists were outraged. Liberals were delighted.

Onlookers got the impression that modern enterprise was responsible for a plucky deviation from the hallowed, Christian interpretation. With the energetic appetite which pioneered TV, contraceptives, the dissection of the atom, and global wars, modern science had, so they thought, deployed into the religious field and, in a burst of in-

ventiveness, put a new construction on the words of Isaiah.

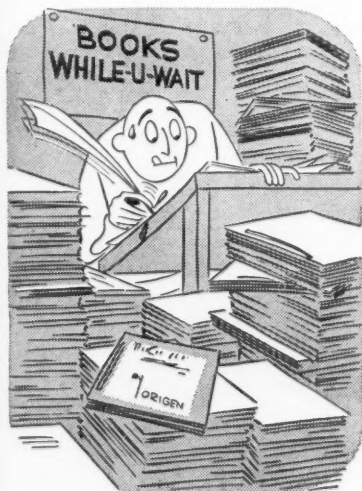
Well, if it did, modern science was about 1,780 years too late. Celsus beat it to the punch. He offered the same identical translation against the same traditional Christian position, around the year 170. And he did it precisely for the purpose of discrediting Christ.

Celsus could no more afford actually to debate religion with the Church of the second century than contemporary opponents can afford actually to debate religion with the Church today. As a substitute for real debate, however, he could do what they do. He could misrepresent our religious belief as a political creed. Thus he could work up in the public a case of high grade social shock.

Christians refused to worship the lush gallery of official Roman gods. They asserted the perfectly reasonable moral principle that no man can serve two masters. Celsus shrugged his shoulders with an I-told-you-so flourish and remarked to the Roman public: "This is the language of sedition. It is only used by people who separate themselves and stand aloof from all human society."

This sentiment, you will note, is reminiscent of a certain ex-President of Harvard and U.S. Ambassador to Germany. He, too, found us divisive and antisocial, because we consider religion more important than he does and, for that reason, maintain our own schools.

The point is this: Dr. Conant required no inoculation with the accented culture of Harvard to discover that nugget of social counsel. He needed none of his knowledge of nuclear "chemistry." All he had to do was step down the campus-walk a few hundred feet to the University Library and peek into a volume of the ante-Nicene Fathers. It's



Origen was a six-thousand-book man. Yes, he wrote them

all right there in Origen's *Contra Celsum*.

A member of the majority group in a pagan society, Celsus could dispense not only with truth, in his attack on the Church. He could dispense with good manners also. With complete impunity, he could make infuriating mockery of Christian belief. And he could, thereby, anticipate another of the more brutal techniques of modern bigotry.

Sensing where he could affront Christian feeling in its most sensitive spot, he called Our Blessed Lady an adulteress. Said she became pregnant through an affair with a soldier and was thrown over by her carpenter-fiancé. This is the line which has been taken by certain non-Catholic missionaries in Colombia. Which takes the mystery out of the anti-Protestant feeling which has been growing there.

He sneers at our ritual. Claims it is like that of the Egyptians which consisted in the worship of cats, monkeys, goats, and dogs. In spiritual quality, he seems to have thought it quite vulgar in comparison with the official Roman worship of divine drunks and Olympian strumpets.

For believing that God will punish the impenitent, he says that we "blab about God in a perfectly sacrilegious and insulting way," that we "preach the unrealistic doctrine that God will come down with fire, as if He were a torturer."

Change a few dated words in Celsus, and you could pass him off as a quote from some of the more violently anti-Catholic publications of 1955.

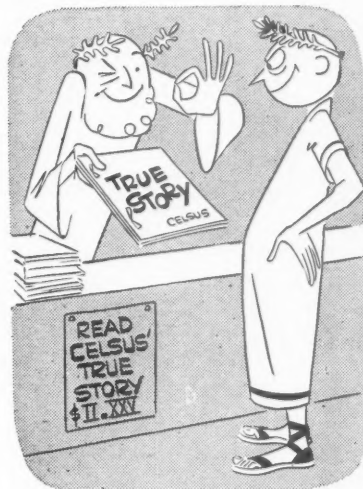
Celsus knew all the tricks and used them in *True Story*. He ends by pleading with us to prove our citizenship by secularizing ourselves to fit in with the secularism of the Roman Empire.

Considering the final plea of a more recent book of the same kind, Celsus might have called his volume not *True Story* but *Democracy, Imperialism, and Catholic Power* in imitation of Blanchard's *Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power*. Times change, you know. In his day Imperialism was in fashion, and Democracy was the crime we were charged with. Today Democracy is in fashion, so our enemies must frighten the public by calling us Imperialists. Celsus had the same arguments as Blanchard. But he had them first.

One of the many things we don't know about Celsus is when the tired old pump in the middle of his chest stopped working and he packed up his soul for transfer, as he thought, to Olympus and the genial company of his demons and his gods.

I like to think of him, however, as an

honest guy who did his best with the conscience God gave him and the jumbled creed that he inherited from the fashionable paganism of his time. Such unwitting enemies of Christ can save their souls. After his last hoarse gasp and the relaxed unwinding of his nerveless body, I like to think of Celsus waking up with a start of surprise at the golden gate of the real Olympus.



His "Confidential" scared the pants off the pagans of Rome

Justin will be there, and Quadratus, and Theophilus, and Peter, and Paul, and all the other Christian scrappers who developed champion-sized apologetic biceps fighting for the infant Church.

Can't we fancy them slapping him on the back, linking arms with him, leading him to the best-broken-in armchair in heaven, and surrounding him with all the accessories of comfort which God provides for His friends?

Perhaps St. Peter will even tap him on the knee, look him admiringly in the eye, and say: "What a man! What a man!" Then, while opening his best box of holiday cigars, he may remark casually over his shoulder: "You're nominated for the Hall of Fame, you know, and you're a shoo-in to make it. Fellow named Origen will give you a good going-over couple of years from now. But you won't be feeling any pain."

"You can't win. That is all settled. But you sure will give a lot of our boys a bad time. It will all turn out for the best, though. So let's sit here and watch them sweat it out. And let's notice particularly that all the stuffed-shirt bigots from now on won't be able to do any better than crib methods from you-know-who, you old rascal."

That, of course, is only a fancy. But it could be.



A Sign Picture Story . . .

PARISH OF THE POOR

**In Malaga's "Red" quarter, a devoted parish priest
brings Christ to the poorest of Spain's many poor**

HUELIN is the poorest quarter of Spain's poorest city—Malaga. And it is here that Dom Emilio Benavent, the parish priest of Huelin, is meeting the challenge of the misery that surrounds him with zeal, imagination, and charity. Under the direction of Malaga's social-minded Bishop Angel Herrera, Dom Emilio is waging a three-pronged battle. For his frontal assault he is using charity for immediate relief of the worst effects of poverty—sickness, hunger, and weakness of spirit. Fighting on the flanks is conducted under the banners of education (to give the young the skills they will need to rise above their environment) and self-help (to enable the local workers to loose themselves from bondage). Dom Emilio is winning his battle. Whether his people will win the war depends on their ability to persevere against the most relentless enemy Spain knows today—poverty.

Photos by Bernhard Moosbrugger—Black Star



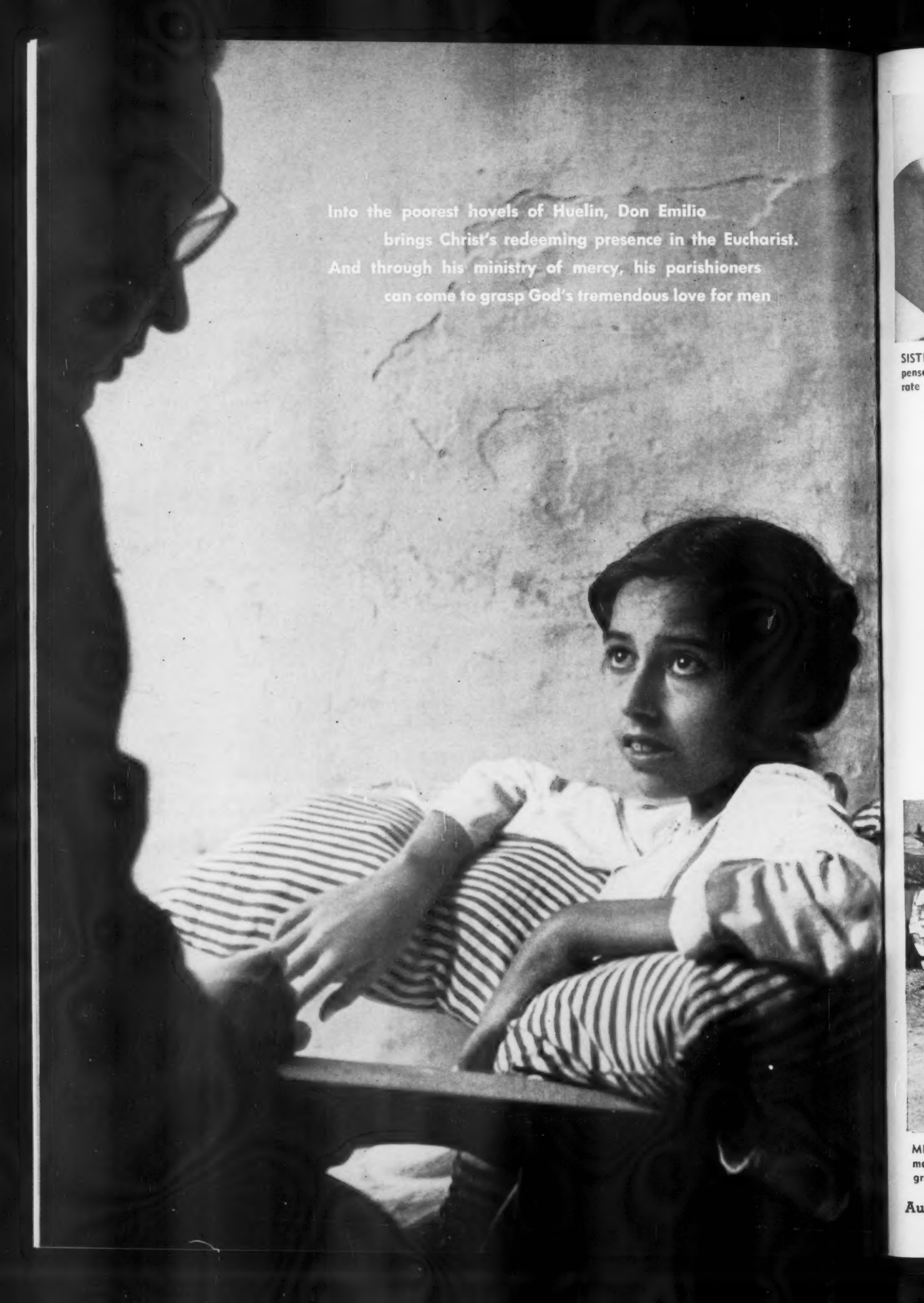
BISHOP HERRERA, Malaga's noted "social action bishop," at his desk. For years, Dom Emilio has been his right-hand man



ABOVE—Huelin's social revolution sparked a spiritual change. A new church had to be built to accommodate crowds at Mass. **LEFT**—In the factory shadows, hovels

EDUCATION is one of Dom Emilio's most important weapons against poverty. The young are taught to read and write and do skilled work to insure a better future





Into the poorest hovels of Huelin, Don Emilio
brings Christ's redeeming presence in the Eucharist.
And through his ministry of mercy, his parishioners
can come to grasp God's tremendous love for men

SIST
pense
rate

M
me
gr

Au



SISTER AUGUSTA is in charge of the parish dispensary. Families of Huelin workers have high rate of tuberculosis, badly need extended cures



SELF-HELP is Dom Emilio's answer for the needs of workers. His plans include worker-built housing colonies for families



MISERABLE condition of Huelin housing is dramatically shown in these huts. Roofs are of tin or grass held down by stones; there is no light or water



JOY has returned to Huelin as a result of Dom Emilio's work. Here, two parish lay teachers dance in the schoolyard after classes are done for day

The FHA scandal made front-page headlines across the nation.

Here's the story-behind-the-story by the reporter who exposed . . .

The Suede-Shoe Boys

by William P. Walsh

IN March of 1953 I set out to prepare a series of newspaper stories about sharp business practices which were the cause of numerous complaints to the Better Business Bureau in San Francisco.

One year later I found myself involved in a story of such far-reaching significance that it took an order from President Eisenhower to start the massive machinery needed to clean up what had come to be known as "The FHA Scandal."

In that year—the most exciting of my newspaper career—I discovered that what most people believed to be a petty racket was a ruthless syndicated gyp game operated on a nationwide scale under the guise of legitimate business.

It was a kind of legalized larceny by which unscrupulous high-pressure salesmen, known in the trade as "suede-shoe boys," were peddling everything from home remodeling jobs to swimming pools under the provisions of the Federal Housing Administration's Title I program.

The scheme was foolproof from the point of view of the dealers. If the home owner failed to pay his loan, the FHA, under its insurance provision, had to make it good to the bank. Then the FHA had to try to collect.

In short, Uncle Sam was in the collection business for a bunch of crooks!

To grasp the real irony of this situation, it is essential to know what the FHA's Title I program was originally intended to do.

Depression-born in the '30's, the whole purpose of Title I was to encourage homeowners to fix up their property—to put on new shingles, bolster that sagging roof, install more modern plumbing—and thus pump life into a failing economy.

At no time was it ever intended as a means to provide attractive financing

for swimming pools, patios, barbecue pits, landscaping projects, garbage disposal units, and other luxury items.

By far the bulk of the complaints pouring in to the Better Business Bureau, however, concerned jobs done with mastic paints and asbestos siding.

It was not difficult to establish that in most cases, the home owners had a legitimate beef. Mastic paint jobs less than a year old were found to be cracking, chipping, peeling, discoloring, or actually sprouting ugly patches of fungus. Basically good asbestos shingles, manufactured by reputable firms, were being applied so sloppily by inept workmen that corners were left with gaping holes and doors and windows out of plumb or misshapen.

I talked with many of the people who had complained and found that there

was a definite pattern to the stories they told.

In nearly all the cases, they had been approached by suave, expensively dressed individuals who drove costly automobiles and represented themselves as executives. After having praised the product they were selling as a result of the latest in modern research and making various extravagant claims for it, they had offered the homeowner a most attractive deal in which the home would be painted or re-sided for only a fraction of normal cost.

IN addition, the customer was given "the model-home pitch." This was an agreement to pay the customer a commission ranging from twenty-five to a hundred dollars for each sale within a specified area resulting from interest awakened by the customer's "model home" job.

"I figure this is probably a 20-home area," the slick salesman would tell his victim. "At \$50 a sale you'll make \$1,000."

Many a starry-eyed homeowner was ecstatic at his own good fortune as he signed the contract.

It was sad to see their castles of dreams collapse later in the realization that they were actually paying probably twice what the job was worth—and that the promised commissions were only an empty sales talk.

It was equally sad to see their faces when they learned for the first time that a written guarantee in itself doesn't necessarily guarantee anything.

"But it says right here—the job is guaranteed for twenty years," many of them told me. They had to learn the hard way that a guarantee is as good as the company which issues it.

For the most part, the "suede-shoe boys" operated along a fringe so close to the law that prosecutors hesitated to



REPORTER William P. Walsh of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin won the 1954 Edward V. McQuade Award of the San Francisco Association of Catholic Newsmen for his series of news articles which led to exposure of the national FHA scandal.



THE MODEL HOME PITCH: For the unwary, promises of easy money. Later, the castles of dreams turned to dust

Underwood & Underwood

bring charges against them. But we did find evidence of illegal acts in some cases.

One of the commonest of these was the "kickback."

This is an out-and-out violation of the Federal law, punishable by a prison term and as binding upon the person who takes the money as on the salesman who suggests it. And yet I was astonished to discover that a number of people had found themselves unable to resist the chance to get something "on time" with a little cash besides.

Of course, sometimes the "kickback" was suggested by the salesman as a way of paying off existing debts so that credit could be gotten into good shape for the new loan.

Another illegal trick, coming under the head of fraud, was the practice of obtaining the signature of the customer on a completion certificate before the work was done. The completion cer-

tificate would then be used to speed the loan through the bank.

I encountered a number of individuals who had received orders to pay on their loans though they were still trying to get the job done. Some of these people maintained that the signatures on the completion certificates must have been forged and indeed some of them appeared to be forgeries.

But for the most part they had been victims of inexperience and gullibility. The salesman had slid a pile of documents in front of them and told them to "sign here, it's just routine." They signed without looking.

I talked to hundreds of homeowners over a period of many months. I found them embittered and skeptical that anything could be done to help them.

"It's no use," I was told. "They just tell us it's too bad and to be more careful next time."

I'll never forget a Navy veteran I in-

terviewed in a squalid, public-housing unit not half big enough for himself, his wife, and three good-looking youngsters.

They had been evicted from the home he had bought with his GI loan because he hadn't been able to keep up the payments on the FHA Title I loan he had made for a "suede-shoe" paint job.

You would have expected him to be angry but he wasn't, just bewildered. "When they told me the FHA said it was okay, I figured I couldn't go wrong," he said.

I ran across a woman who had four FHA Title I loans going all at one time, mementoes of salesmen who had convinced her she needed weatherstripping, a garbage disposal, a landscaping job, and a patio which had cracked right down the center.

Some of the most outrageous deals were perpetrated in San Francisco's Western Addition. This is a blighted

area which is now being torn down to make room for modern apartments under the city's redevelopment plan.

"Suede shoe" salesmen had sold dozens of expensive modernization jobs to residents of the old, condemned homes by telling them that the improvement would enhance the value for condemnation purposes.

As soon as the Redevelopment Agency got wind of what was going on, it issued a statement denying this. It also called on the carpet one of the worst offenders—a contractor who had the audacity to advertise in a neighborhood newspaper that his jobs had the approval of the Redevelopment Agency.

With evidence mounting fast that the FHA was being misused, I went to the heads of the government organization in San Francisco. My first request to them was for a list of defaulted loans on which they were attempting to collect. I wanted to talk to some of the individuals involved and find out if they were refusing to pay for some reason or were merely unable to because of financial reverses. I was told I could not see such a list because it was confidential. I wired the top man in Washington. I was turned down again.

My next request was for a copy of FHA's national precautionary list, sometimes called the "black list," which contains the names of salesmen and contractors who have been in trouble with FHA.

That, too, was "confidential."

But I obtained a copy nevertheless and pointed out to a top San Francisco FHA official that one of his best friends—the head of an Oakland construction firm—was on the list for having misused FHA funds in Ohio.

I WAS told the man had turned over a new leaf and to "let bygones be bygones"—a reasonable request if you didn't have, as I did, a drawerful of evidence showing that the only new leaf he had turned over was to gyp more people than ever.

This same man called me at my home one night and invited me to a night club to "talk things over." I met him and listened for two hours to his plea for "a break." He offered to tip me off to who the really crooked guys were in return for my leaving him alone.

The records showed that this man had been caught making "kickbacks." He was given probation in Federal court and later was the object of a laudatory letter from one of the head men in the San Francisco FHA office.

The attitude of the FHA officials toward the stories we were running in the *Call-Bulletin* was that we were persecuting them. They pointed out that

under the law they were not responsible for checking on the loans they insured.

This, incidentally, is true. The "prudent lending judgment" of the banks is to be relied upon.

Rumors were rife that it was no mere coincidence that some of the shady contractors were putting their loans through the same branches of the same banks time and again. We heard stories of how branch managers of banks were "wined and dined" and even that they received automobiles, fur coats, and other favors. This, the story went, was in return for their approval of loans without too many questions asked.

The bank officials I interviewed said that such a thing was preposterous and explained to me the rather tedious procedure which must be accomplished before any loan could be approved. It certainly sounded foolproof but not long after that the government, acting on behalf of the FHA, sued that same bank to make it a party to an action involving an elderly Oakland widow.

The claim was that the bank had not exercised "prudent lending judgment" in granting the old lady a loan.

• Courage is something you always have until you need it.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

It subsequently developed that she had received in excess of \$2,000 for repairs to her home when her income was about \$35 a month. Since this was insufficient to meet the payments, the bank's judgment was questioned and the bank conceded it had erred.

The "suede shoe boys" were very vulnerable through the Contractors State License Board. This body, which regulates the activities of contractors and administers some sections of the state business and professions code involving contract work, had for some reason been sitting idly by while a number of violations had been taking place.

Goaded by publicity, it now brought charges of fraud and misrepresentation against a number of offenders and suspended or revoked their licenses.

For my own part, I had kept a file on the hundreds of complaints I had received by telephone and letter from swindled home owners. It contained the names of the companies, the salesmen, the amount charged, the quality of the work, the name of the lending institution, and other pertinent data.

This information I now began transmitting to Warren Olney, the chief criminal deputy of the Justice Department in Washington, through a fellow reporter, Dick Hyer.

On April 12, 1954, it all paid off. That was the day that President Eisenhower ordered a complete investigation of the FHA. Guy T. O. Hollyday was dismissed as administrator, the files of the FHA all over the country were ordered impounded.

Since then other top FHA officials have been fired, including Clyde Powell, who took a "constitutional" when he was asked about reported "lost weekends" and gambling losses by Senator Capehart's Banking Committee.

ONCE the "FHA Scandal" became front page news, other developments came fast.

The Federal government began processing local complaints involving kickbacks, false swearing, and other violations. In the San Francisco area, virtually every person charged has pleaded guilty. Those who didn't were found guilty.

District Attorney J. Frank Coakley of Alameda County where the "suede shoe boys" were very active, spent months carefully documenting about a dozen cases against racketeering companies. He has succeeded in getting convictions on all that have come to trial to date.

In the autumn of 1954, the FHA issued new regulations designed to stop the racketeering. These new rules eliminated the use of Title I loans for luxury things like patios, etc.

Another rule makes it possible to hold the contractor responsible for a certain period following the granting of the loan, in effect giving the home owner time to register his complaint if he has one.

This may sound like the long-sought panacea but it isn't. It merely encourages the turning over of such loans to tough, uncompromising collection agencies, a number of which have sprung up recently.

By far the most valuable service rendered to the public, in my opinion, has been the publicity given the nefarious activities of the salesmen.

It is depressing to contemplate this swindling in the very place most of us consider sacred, our homes.

And it is paradoxical, too, to realize that there is a vast legitimate market in our land for honest, decently priced home modernization work. In other words, without chiseling anyone, it would be possible for salesmen and contractors to make an excellent living. But perhaps it is as one former salesman told me:

"Some of those guys would rather make a dirty deal than a clean one. I knew one fellow who would go out of his way to toss a curve just so he could laugh about it later."



(Top) Conservative Van Zeeland A Brussels street during riots (Bottom) Socialist Collard, sponsor of School Bill



Belga Photos

Belgium's School War

by **THERESE DE CARAMAN CHIMAY**

In Belgium, a strictly Catholic country, a Socialist-Liberal government is oppressing Catholic education. The result is political war

WHEN, last March, Socialist Minister of Education, Leo Collard, proposed in Parliament his amendment to the existing school laws, he set off a political battle far more serious than any Belgium has yet known. And it is difficult to foresee how the present tension will end.

Briefly, the causes of what has been called the "school war" are as follows:

There are two types of schools in Belgium: the "official" schools under the government's direction and the "free" or Catholic schools run by the clergy. Both organizations receive subsidies

from the government. There are 686,632 pupils in the 8,161 official schools (where religious instruction is optional) and 902,191 pupils in the 8,400 free schools.

Collard's motion, which was an obvious attack on the Church and Catholic pedagogy, proposed to reduce the government's subsidy to the Catholic schools and invest the saving in official schools. He also wished to reduce the rating of the Catholic schools and place them on a plane inferior to that of the government establishments. Thus, a degree obtained at the Catholic Uni-

versity of Louvain would have less value than one given at the official universities of Brussels, Liège, or Ghent.

Incidentally, this amendment would have increased expenses for parents who desired their children to have a Catholic education.

Belgium's existence as a sovereign nation is due to its refusal to remain part of the Netherlands, under Protestant William of Orange, in 1830. It seems a paradox that so Catholic a country should ever be governed by its present Socialist-Liberal coalition.

Many things have gone into the mak-

ing of this situation. The Conservative party, once called the "Catholic Party" and now the "*Parti Social-Chretien*," lost much public support on the occasion of Leopold III's mismanaged return.

It is members of this party who today are the defenders of the Catholic position. But actually the appellation has nothing to do with religion. And it was precisely the confusion which the name "Catholic Party" caused which brought about its rechristening to "Christian Social Party" about ten years ago.

Another thing which has added strength to the Socialists is the fact that the weak Liberal party, which accounts for only about 10 per cent of Parliament, joined forces with it because of similar anticlerical and Masonic interests. The Communists, too, co-operated to insure a Socialist majority.

The Socialists are also supported by leftist intellectuals, lawyers, doctors, and leftist members of other liberal professions, for whom an admittedly Socialist sympathy can be a stepping-stone to higher things.

In some ways, however, Collard has done a great deal of good for the Catholic cause. A poll taken now would probably show 60 per cent of the population on the Conservative side.

Socialists are very fond of organizing meetings for themselves. But when a Catholic meeting was scheduled to protest the Collard amendment, it was forbidden, and the radio broadcast of it was censored. These two measures were violations of Belgian law, which permits public meetings if the citizens do not carry arms and which guarantees freedom of the press. Public reaction was violently unfavorable. On road-signs and buildings, huge, whitewashed letters read "*Weg met Collard*" (away with Collard), and the traffic in the large towns and the capital was completely paralyzed for a day by silent crowds who jammed all the important streets.

Next day, the independent paper, *Le Soir*, published a full-page picture showing the packed streets and, next to it, the ironic caption, "Forbidden by the government, the Catholic meeting *did not take place*."

An unexpected sidelight has been a campaign undertaken by Catholic school children. They boycotted a certain brand of candy made by a known Socialist. Since then, sales have been off 75 per cent.

Belgium has a population of 8,000,000. Of these, 60 per cent are Flemish.

The remainder are French-speaking Walloons. The vast majority are baptized, married, and buried in the Catholic Church. But many are what Cardinal Suhard, in France, once called "threshold Catholics."

The quiet, agricultural folk of Flanders are by far the most pious. Ninety-eight per cent are devout, practicing Catholics, and it would be hard to find a family without one or more members in Holy Orders. The Flemish diocese of Malines, largest in Belgium, has 3200 priests and 16,000 nuns—more than any diocese in the world.

On the Walloon side, in the wooded Ardennes and the rich agricultural districts of Namur and Herve, the situation is much the same. But in the gloomy mining and industrial districts of southern Belgium, the area known as the black country, things are quite different. There the parish priest leads a hard and lonely life, faced with active anticlericalism.

The Belgian worker is the highest paid in Europe, but the laborers live in shabby houses beneath an ever-present cloud of smoke. The militant leaders of Socialist labor unions find no trouble in organizing strikes or riots.

IT was among these workers that a formidable Catholic Action movement originated, later spreading to sixty-five countries.

The A.C.J.B. (*Action Catholique de la Jeunesse Belge*) embraces all the Catholic youth organizations created by Monsignor Picard. There are numerous branches for both men and women. Four sections divide the members into groups according to their designation as students, agricultural workers, industrial workers, or independents. Monsignor Joseph Cardyn, founder of the original "J.O.C." (*Jeunesse Ouvrière Catholique*) heads 90,000 members of one section alone.

Every one of the above groups has an equivalent for women. The Women's Catholic Action organization is under the leadership of Mademoiselle Baers, who is also a Senator, seconded by Mademoiselle de Lalieux.

Mademoiselle Christine de Hamptinne, who was formerly associated with Monsignor Picard's Women's Catholic Action Group, is now International President of Catholic Action.

There are 1,600,000 wage earners in Belgium. Of these, 500,000 belong to Socialist labor unions, 645,000 to Christian labor unions. Among these are all the artisans, farmhands, shop assistants, and industrial workers and miners, as well as the fishermen of the Flanders coast, by far the most pious union. Every year, the Blessing of the Sea, at Ostend, is one of the most touching of



Belgian Primate, Cardinal Van Roey, left, with Secretary, Mgr. Leclefs

the many religious ceremonies which take place in Flanders.

In Belgium, it is very rare to see a house, workshop, garage, or factory without a crucifix on the wall. Even in mining districts, red centers like La Louvière or Charleroi, the feast days of patron saints of the various trades are publicly celebrated. Saint Barbara is the patron of the miners, Saint Eloi the patron of iron-workers. When statues of these Saints are carried in procession, most Socialists make a point of joining in.

COMPARED to the United States, where Catholicism is principally urban, Belgium's Catholic population is both urban and rural, the quiet villages having a life all their own which has no equivalent in America. Here "Monsieur le Curé" is treated very much like a member of the family, with a place laid at table for him at important family functions.

Generally speaking, city parishes are far better organized in the United States than in Belgium. This is mainly because of financial resources. But in the rural districts of Belgium, Catholic Action is far-reaching and comprehensive. Every effort is made to adapt the Liturgy to the problems of the times.

Unfortunately, the fact that there are so many small village parishes, each with a resident priest, is creating a problem for the towns. There are not nearly enough priests for rapidly growing centers like Brussels, where the average number of members in a parish is now 12,000. In Chicago, the average is 6,000, in Paris, it is as high as 30,000.

In cities like Brussels and Liège, only

PRINCESS THERESE DE CARAMAN CHIMAY is a correspondent for *Eventail* of Brussels. She has written articles on Belgian folklore and history for many European publications.

about 28 per cent of the people attend Mass regularly, the most fervent being among the highest and lowest levels of society, the rich middle class being usually more indifferent.

In the smart residential section of Brussels, St. Joseph's Church is always crowded on Sunday mornings. So is the Cathedral of Sainte Gudule. But in the shabby and overpopulated Marolles Section, while the women wear their best clothes to attend Mass and bring the children, the men-folk wait outside. Here, the only time a Curé can be certain of a male congregation is on a patriotic holiday.

Belgian workingmen like nothing better than forming clubs or "sociétés." The club may be composed of former inmates of German prison camps, war veterans, or archers (archery is a favorite sport). But always there is a brass band, banners, and, after the delegation has marched into the church, an appropriate sermon by Monsieur le Curé.

BELGIUM's most important centers of Catholic life are Louvain and Malines, respectively the 500-year-old Catholic university and the see of the Primate of Belgium.

During the last war, it was from the whitewashed house of tall, energetic Cardinal Joseph Van Rocy that came inflexible opposition to any Hitler Youth or Nazi organizations. Today, the Cardinal has lost none of his energy and reacts just as strongly to any Socialist move against the Church.

Fifteen miles from Brussels is the intellectual center of Belgium, the great university of Louvain. Its ancient walls, badly battered in 1914, were rebuilt through American generosity.

During the last war, it also sustained great damage and once more America

helped the venerable institution to recover and keep its place as one of the most important universities of the world, with more than 10,000 students.

Other Catholic educational centers are directed by the Jesuits, who have schools in every large city, and the Benedictines, whose magnificent monastery at Maredsous is one of the show places of Belgium.

In these Catholic schools, the present leaders of the Christian Social Party were educated—such men as Senator du Bus de Warnaffe; former Prime Minister Jean Eyskens; Aspremont Lynden; and Theo Lefevre, president of the party; as well as Senator Moreau de Melen, Joseph Pholien, H. van Cauwelaert, J. Mayersoen, Pierre Harmel, former minister of National Education; and Cool, president of the Christian labor unions.

On March 26, all these members of Parliament and Senators could be seen in the streets of the capital. The day before, Socialist Paul-Henry Spaak had declared during a leftist meeting: "I have dared to descend into the streets, but we will not see a single member of the P.S.C. attempt to lead the demonstrators tomorrow." He was a bad prophet.

How will the school war end? Speaking at a Socialist meeting in Liège (center of the Walloon industrial district), André Renard, head of the Socialist labor unions, grafted the school question on to an older quarrel, that of the two languages which have always divided Belgium.

Flemings and Walloons are two different races and speak different tongues. Addressing his May Day audience, Renard revived the aversion Walloons feel for Flemings (and vice versa) and in a violent speech threatened to "break the

backs of any members of the P.S.C. should Flemish hoofs ever tread the streets of Liège."

He was alluding to a meeting of the Catholics which was later canceled for fear of bloodshed. Flemings are noted for their Catholicity, and nothing could infuriate the Walloon workers more than the insinuation that Flemish Catholics should try to put pressure on them in their own territory.

Every day, the press has front-page articles about this situation which has divided the country even more than the royal question. Leading Catholic dailies are *La Libre Belgique*, which has the widest circulation after the independent *Soir*; *La Nation Belge* of Antwerp; *La Metropole*; and *Vers l'Avenir*. The leading Flemish Catholic paper is *Het Laatsche Nieuws*, but there are many others. The Socialist daily with the highest circulation is *Le Peuple*, run by Ed. Larock, a Member of Parliament.

The big Belgian banks have always refused to take a partisan stand in political matters. Most industrial magnates belong to the Liberal party.

IN Parliament, party representation is as follows:

<i>Parti Social Chrétien</i> . . .	96	} coalition
Socialist	90	
Liberal	20	
Communist	4	

Belgians have been noted for their stubbornness, and neither Flemings nor Walloons have ever accepted a law which they felt was a restriction on individual liberty. Years of domination by invaders have made this almost an obsession, so that in the school question public opinion has been strained to the breaking point.



Le Fevre, President of Catholic party, carried during school riots

Socialist Paul-Henry Spaak, one of the top leftists in Belgium



★ Don Camillo shares a secret with Peppone and throws his
scruples to the wind. Yet he can explain things to the Lord

Missing Person

by **GIOVANNI GUARESCHI**

DON Camillo rushed to La Pioppa farm and met old Borda, the farmer, coming out of the stable. He pulled out the illustrated Sunday paper, *La Domenica del Corriere*, and opened it up before him, exclaiming:

"What did I tell you?"

Borda ran to alert his wife, who was washing dishes in the kitchen.

"Put on your glasses and look at this!" he told her.

She slowly wiped her hands on her apron, put on her glasses, went over to the window, looked at the paper, and began to cry. Then came her daughter-in-law, her two grandsons, a couple of farmhands and their wives, and some others. The kitchen was a large room, but soon they were packed in like sardines.

"Looks just like him!" sighed the old woman, while the paper passed from hand to hand.

Borda and Don Camillo had gone out together. They walked across the yard, and then Borda stopped and said:

"I ought to thank you for the whole thing. It was your idea to send the picture. I never thought they'd do anything about it and do it so fast. There must be some decent people even in Milan."

He looked down at the ground and shook his head.

"But I'm not too hopeful. Three and a half years have gone by, and I'm sure he never got out of Germany. Once they had him in the trap they probably finished him off. They had it in for us, I know that."

It was one of the thousands of stories connected with the accursed war. Borda's only son was in the army, and with the overthrow of the government in 1943 he was shipped with a labor battalion to Germany. He was sent to work on a farm and, according to his letters, things weren't too bad. But after March of 1945 they had no word of him. In June of that year a fellow who had known him came back to Castelletto, near by. He said that they had been liberated by the British on April 18 and gathered together in a big camp, whence at the end of the war they were gradually sent back to Italy. He and Athos Borda were housed in the same barracks and they all had permission to go to the nearest village for a few hours every day. One evening, at the very end of April, Athos failed to return.

Other fellows who came back told of having seen Athos outside the camp and in good health and spirits. The next bit of news was about a German girl with whom he had been friendly ever since the time when he was working on the farm. Some people said he must have stayed in Germany of his own free will. When he gets tangled up with a woman, there's no telling what a man will do.

But old man Borda had his own theory. They had tricked the boy somehow, perhaps by means of the girl, and then killed him. For three years and a half he had poured out money (with which he was well provided) in the pursuit of one clue after another, and by now his doubt had changed to cer-

tainty. He had accepted the suggestion of sending a picture to the Sunday newspaper's "Missing Persons" column, mostly for the sake of his wife, who was still half crazy with sorrow for her son. And it was a satisfaction to the two little children to see their father's picture in print.

"It's the picture they've seen every day on their mother's chest of drawers," said Borda, "but that doesn't make the same impression. It's one thing to see a photograph in your own house and another to see it in the paper. When you see it in the paper, it seems to have been sent from far away. Do you see what I mean, Don Camillo?"

"No, but I get the general idea."

Athos Borda's picture in the paper was the first event to break the monotony of village life in this tedious month of January. Then, a week later, came the fatal accident to poor Spicchio.

One evening Spicchio took a boat out on the river to look for a dozen stakes. There were shops where stakes could be bought on both sides, and on both sides there were also unguarded fields where piles of stakes could be had for the taking. A fellow could load them one by one on his boat and ferry them home. Many people came from the opposite side of the river to acquire stakes in the same way, and the net result was an exchange of goods between one side and the other. There was no question of theft. It was a serious matter only in the harvest season, when boats went home loaded with clusters of grapes or sheaves of wheat. Then the seriousness of it lay

It was a foggy night. The two men had a pick-ax and a shovel and, after digging, found what they were looking for

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO



in the possibility of a minor war. Spiccio set out, then, to look for stakes. Unfortunately he loaded them awkwardly on his boat, and the boat capsized in the middle of the return journey, sending Spiccio to the bottom of the river.

SPICCIO was a member of Peppone's "Flying Red Squad." He was middle-aged and the father of four children, but he was also one of Peppone's most stalwart followers. Peppone wanted to display red flags at the funeral, but Don Camillo simply would not have them. Peppone bowed to the priest's decision, but the funeral day was marked by an incident that could have taken place nowhere else in the world. There was a proper church ceremony, complete with priest and candles, and when the body was lowered into the grave, Don Camillo blessed it and went away. But as soon as he had gone the Reds dug up the coffin, put it on the hearse, and took it back to the village by a roundabout way. When they came to the People's Palace they brought out red flags, knotted red kerchiefs around their necks, and paraded to the cemetery with a band playing the "International" ahead of them. While Don Camillo was walking quietly home, this piece of devilry appeared right under his nose, and he felt tempted to raise a most unholy disturbance. All he actually did was shout to Peppone that this was a sin of a very black kind. But Peppone was not in the least disturbed.

"Isn't this a free country?" he asked. "If a citizen has a right to go to the cemetery with Jesus Christ, he has a right to go with the Party too. God and country, I always say."

Don Camillo ran to borrow Pasotti's motorcycle, put on a pair of old trousers, and rode like an arrow to the city. No one in the Bishop's Palace could stop him, and so it was that he appeared before the Bishop in his cyclist's trousers. The old man looked at him for a moment and then threw out his arms.

"My son," he said in a very kindly voice. "Are you sure you haven't got the wrong address? The insane asylum is just up the way."

"I know that, and if you don't help me punish these sacrilegious criminals I'll have to go there very soon. I . . ."

"I don't like to hear anyone talk in such a state of excitement," the Bishop interrupted. "Before telling me your troubles say fifteen 'Our Fathers' and fifteen 'Hail Marys,' and say them slowly, pronouncing every word."

Don Camillo swallowed hard, wiped the perspiration off his forehead and began. But in the middle of the first "Our Father" he paused, loosened his collar, and wiped away more perspiration. His face was red as a tomato.

"Monsignore," he gasped. "I can't make it. After three 'Our Fathers' I'm sure I'll have a stroke."

The Bishop looked at him hard.

"Speak up, then," he said.

Don Camillo told him about the sacrilegious idea of a double funeral and concluded by saying that something drastic must be done, some sweeping condemnation uttered.

The Bishop shook his head.

"Don Camillo, are you so sure that we ought to make it into a nation-wide issue? Use your head and think it over."

Don Camillo was calmer now and after a few minutes of reflection he answered:

"No, Monsignore."

The Bishop's face darkened.

"Kneel down here," he said, "and lower your head."

Don Camillo did so, and with his slender, bony hand the Bishop gave him a clipped blow on the cranium.

"If you already know what to do, why do you bother me about it?"

Don Camillo rose and backed up all the way to the door.

• Vision is what we admit we have when we find that we guessed correctly.—Banking

"I'll write a letter to that famous mayor of yours," said the Bishop. "and meanwhile you go home and take it easy!"

After Don Camillo had left the room, the Bishop went over to the window to see him go off on his motorcycle. After he had seen him roar away, he shook his head and mumbled to himself.

Toward evening the next day, Don Camillo saw Peppone approaching the rectory. "The Bishop didn't waste any time," he thought to himself. But Peppone hadn't heard from the Bishop; there was something else on his mind.

"Under the same secrecy as that of the confessional, there is something I must tell you," he began.

"You'd better tell me that you're sorry for what you did yesterday!"

"Never mind about politics," said Peppone darkly.

"It's not a question of politics at all," protested Don Camillo.

"Transeat, let it pass!" said Peppone with a solemn gesture.

Only the thought of the Bishop stayed Don Camillo's hand.

"Then talk to me as if I were your confessor."

Peppone took a letter out of his pocket and gave it to Don Camillo.

"I received this a short time ago. Read it for yourself."

"Dear Peppone:

When you receive this letter, I'll have drowned. People will say it was an accident, but I am killing myself, and you are the only one in the world to know it. For four days now I've been thinking about the picture in *La Domenica del Corriere*. I've always had the fellow on my mind, but to see him there in the paper gave me a bad start. Peppone, nobody knows it, but I killed Athos Borda. I ran into him on the evening of May 5, 1945, in a field not far away. He was in uniform, and I didn't know him at first, because he had grown a moustache. He told me that the British had liberated him from the Germans, but because they delayed sending him home he'd run away and traveled in Allied trucks to Italy. No one had taken notice of him and now no one knew of his arrival. Meanwhile I realized who he was. I had always hated him, and he was a filthy reactionary, besides. Those were days when we were all trigger-happy, and I shot him dead. Then I buried him along the canal between La Pioppa and the Old Mill, near the dam. I don't know what was the matter with me, but little by little I came to my senses and began to worry. The whole thing became a nightmare. Every time I met one of the Bordas, cold shivers ran down my spine, and when I saw the fellow's children it broke my heart. Then I caught sight of the picture in *La Domenica del Corriere*, and it was like a ghost. I must have looked at it a thousand times. It was as if he had come to my house to tell me that it was time for me to pay. And that is what I am going to do. But I don't want my boys to know their father was a murderer. I don't want anyone to know except you and me. You are my chief and you can do what you like about it. But don't tell anyone. If you have time to, keep an eye on my boys, don't let them grow up to do such terrible things as their father. Good-by, Spiccio."

DON CAMILLO breathed heavily, then looked at Peppone.

"No one must know," said Peppone harshly.

"Then why did you tell me?"

"When you hear a confession, you're nobody."

It was a terrible problem.

"No one must know," Peppone repeated. "If the police were to find the body, without knowing who was guilty, they'd start investigating, and then the whole thing might come out. You can't tell what a cursed police investigation may lead to. They'd think it was one of our group from the start."

"Of course!" said Don Camillo. "Do you expect them to think it was me?"

Who was it in those days that . . . Well, as you say, never mind about politics now. You are right, no one must know that Athos Borda was killed not by the Germans but by someone from his native place, just a few steps from home. Everyone in the Borda house hates the Germans and the children are growing up to hate them too. Hate is a horrible thing, a serpent that coils around men's hearts. But it's better to hate a whole nation, far away, than to hate people that you see every day. Yes, we mustn't let the children of Athos learn to hate you rotten Reds and the sons of the man that killed their father. The chain of hate must be broken, not passed down from father to son. Hate for foreigners doesn't stand up against time, but hate for the people of your own land grows day by day. We must break the vicious circle of hate. Every ring in its chain is a serpent that bites its own tail. . . ."

Here Don Camillo stopped and looked searchingly at Peppone.

"But you came here in order to stifle a scandal that might damage your Party. Tell me the truth!"

Peppone brought his fist down on the table.

"In a case like this, I put the Party . . . here!" he shouted, slapping the pocket at the back of his trousers.

"Just where it belongs!" said Don Camillo, with satisfaction. Then he began to pace up and down the room.

"Athos Borda has a right to lie in consecrated ground!" he exclaimed. "He has more of a right than Spiccio, who is both a murderer and a suicide and yet had not only a sacrilegious funeral but a religious one as well."

"Don Camillo," said Peppone, "are we going to start arguing again?"

Don Camillo made a sudden resolution.

"I'll expect you here at midnight," he said.

It was a foggy night, and the two men spent two whole hours looking for the right place along the canal. They had with them a pick-ax and a shovel, and after considerable digging they found what they were looking for. They had also brought a big waterproof sack and in this they put the remains of the body. But first Don Camillo searched the rags of clothes and took out a pocketbook, a cigarette case, a "dog-tag" and a ring. By three o'clock they were in the church, and no one had seen them. Then they carried the sack down to the cellar of the tower.

With Peppone's reluctant consent, Don Camillo went next day to see the Bishop. When the Bishop saw him, he threw up his hands in despair.

"Monsignore, I've come to make a confession," Don Camillo said.

The Bishop spread out his arms in resignation, and Don Camillo told him about the letter and the expedition that had followed.

"Every time you come to see me, does there have to be a dead man mixed up in it?" said the Bishop. "What in the world can I do?"

"You can do this, Monsignore. Instead of writing to Peppone, write to me. Tell me to inform the Borda family that the Commission for the Recovery of the Bodies of Soldiers who died on Foreign Soil has located the body of their Athos and has authorized me to give them the personal belongings found upon it. And order me to fill out papers requesting that the body be sent home for burial."

"But this is base deception!" the Bishop exclaimed. "It's false sacrilege!"

"Monsignore, we must break the vicious circle of hate. The guilty man has punished himself, and God will punish him again. Let us allow another one of God's creatures to rest in consecrated ground, as he deserves. Let us allow a mother to pray over her son's grave. Then we'll bury not only a dead man, but a vicious circle of hate as well."

The Bishop raised his eyes to Heaven.

"Lord," he said, "remove me from this earth before this man pushes me into perdition. He's taking advantage of the fact that I am old and weak, while he's young and as strong as an elephant. . . . My son, how does it happen that you chose to be a priest, instead of an elephant, anyhow?"

"I wasn't cut out for it, Monsignore. Elephants have brains, while I . . ."

"*Vade retro!* . . . Are you belittling the clergy? Go away, and prepare a draft of the letter."

The Bordas were informed of the recovery of their son's body and received his ring, "dog-tag" and other personal belongings.

"You must attend to the whole thing, Father," said Borda, "and don't spare any expense."

So it was that one evening a coffin full of earth arrived at the church, and during the night Don Camillo took away the earth and replaced it with Athos Borda's body. The funeral was an impressive one, with the whole village present. Peppone made a speech to greet the return of a brother who had fallen victim to hate but lay now at last under his native soil. And he wept like any ordinary man, because he understood the significance of the words he was saying. That evening Don Camillo found himself alone with the Christ on the altar.

"Lord," he asked, "will the soul of Athos Borda be angry with me for what I have done?"

"The souls of the dead leave earthly passions behind them along with their earthly bodies, Don Camillo."

"And what do *You* think, Lord? Did I do anything wrong?"

"Every man will be called to account not for what he has done but for what he meant to do. Human justice judges men by their deeds, but divine justice cares for their intentions. Have you told me the whole story, Don Camillo?"

"No, Lord. I charged the wealthy Borda twenty thousand liras more than the actual expenses and gave the money to Spiccio's starving children."

"And then?"

"Then, on my way back, ten minutes ago, I chalked some words up on the People's Palace."

"Why did you do that, Don Camillo?"

"Lord, the flesh is weak, and the fog was very strong."

Christ smiled and did not answer. And the next day everyone could read, chalked up on the People's Palace: "Peppone is a scoundrel!" But God was not too upset about it.



Don Camillo ran to put on old trousers and rode to the city



Girl Mechanic



USED CAR

*He Couldn't stand
women drivers. But
this one was different.*

MR. Jeremy Randolph locked up his typewriter and walked through the city room of the *Examiner* with joy in his heart and a paycheck three times its normal size in his pocket. He stopped at the desk and handed four pages of copy to the city editor. "That wraps it up," he announced, referring to his current, six-part article on the traffic problems in Cedarwood City. "See you slaves in two weeks."

"What's this one about?" asked the editor. "'Let's Lynch the Traffic Commissioner and Draft Randolph for the job?'"

"This one is for kicks—Saturday-reading-type. 'Miscellaneous Hazards of the Highway: Bicycles, Cow Crossings, and Women Drivers.'"

The editor glanced over the

copy and grinned. "My wife just removed her third fender in three weeks. She'll loathe you for this, Randolph. But that's nothing. She loathes you already! Have a good vacation."

Jeremy left the building, went next door to the bank, and deposited his impressive paycheck. The oversized check did not represent a bonus for Mr. Randolph's services to the *Cedarwood Evening Examiner*, valuable as he thought them to be. It was simply his two weeks-in-advance, pre-vacation check but it did temporarily great things for his bank account. For the first time in more than a year, it was now equal to the down payment on a car.

Jeremy Randolph, traffic expert, was not an automobile owner. No sterner voice than his had been raised to deplore the driving habits of

by RUTH HUME

ILLUSTRATED BY JON NIELSEN

Cedarwood, but the ironic fact remained that he had gone about by foot and bus, loathing every minute of it, since the day he had sold his old Chevrolet in a fit of penury.

Jeremy made his way down Cedar Street to the trading post of one Louie Latoue, known to the public as Laughing Louie, the Value-Happy Maniac: "Your Used Car is Better than New, with a Super-Guarantee by Lou!" In the center of the lot stood a maroon convertible with white-walled tires. It was labeled, "Louie's Super-Extraordinary Special of the Week, \$1,000." This was the vehicle for which Jeremy Randolph was both willing and eager to mortgage large slices of his next eighteen pay checks.

Louie was leaning against a fender, carefully studying the tip of his left shoe, when Jeremy entered the lot. He sprang to attention and unveiled a dazzling smile. "How about it today, Mr. Randolph? Smart young fellow like you can't turn down a bargain like this much longer!"

"We'll see," said Jeremy, trying to sound bored.

"Don't delay on this one, Mr. Randolph." Louie lowered his voice to a confidential rasp. "Fellow who was just in—vice-president of the bank—was very interested!"

"I'd have to run it around the block," Jeremy said, alarmed.

"Sure, sure, run it around two blocks. Once you get your hands on that wheel, you'll never walk off this lot! You'll ride off!" He handed Jeremy the keys and magnanimously waved him on his way.

THE gleaming, maroon car drove away with a minimum of bucking. "Haven't got the feel of a hydromatic yet," Jeremy said to himself, patting the brilliantly polished wheel. He cruised around the block slowly, savoring the admiring glances of passers-by. While thus occupied, he came to the intersection of Cedar Parkway and 23rd Street. The corner was protected by double stop signs. Jeremy glanced casually to his right, noting that a car had reached the corner simultaneously, and then came to a not quite complete stop.

"Hold it, bud," he muttered to the other car and proceeded through the intersection.

So, unfortunately, did the other car.

There was a scraping of fender on fender. Jeremy, mildly panicked, slammed into his brakes and leaped out of the car, tripping over his long legs as he leaped. The other car had backed up slightly. The driver was leaning out the window to inspect the damage, which, as it happened, was nonexistent.

"Of all the stupid, fool things to do!"

Jeremy roared, as the female behind the wheel turned to look at him.

"Yes, it was," she agreed pleasantly. "But don't worry. Maybe you'll learn."

The other driver pulled over to the curb. "Let me see your license," Jeremy bellowed from the middle of the intersection. The girl in the car sighed patiently and got out. She inspected her fender briefly, then handed over her license without saying a word. The document merely confirmed facts which Jeremy could have seen perfectly well for himself had he been less distracted. Age, 24; ht., 5'6; wt., 120; eyes, blue; hair, blonde. It added the dividend that her name was Jean Price.

"Uh, why didn't you wait to see whether I was going to start out first?" Jeremy inquired lamely, slightly unnerved by the cornflower shade of eyes, blue, which the Department of Motor Vehicles had neglected to mention.

"Well, I couldn't really tell," Miss J. Price volunteered, "since you didn't make a complete stop at all, and besides that, Mr.—uh—let me see *your* license!"

• If you're not afraid to face the music, you may some day lead the band.—Quote

Jeremy produced it, scowling, and she read, "Jeremy Randolph; occupation, newspaper reporter." She looked up at him curiously. "Is this really your license?"

"No," said Jeremy, grinding his teeth only slightly. "I won it in a raffle."

"It's just that Jeremy Randolph, the man who's been writing that wonderful series of traffic problems, would know that if two cars reach a double stop sign simultaneously, the car on the right hand street has the right of way."

"I really don't make a lifework of being obnoxious," Jeremy said meekly, after a preliminary gulp. "It's just that I've only owned this car for four minutes. For that matter, technically I don't own it yet. So naturally I—"

Jean said, "What?" She frowned in the direction of the rightful owner who was up on the lot polishing the fender with his handkerchief. "Are you really buying a car from Leering Louie?"

"Well, I—uh—"

"Of course it's all right if you know exactly what you're getting. Otherwise —!" She raised her eyebrows delicately.

But before Jeremy could even begin to plot a proper reply, the girl was bouncing eagerly in the direction of the car. Jeremy followed.

"One thing about Louie," she said, looking from the automobile to the en-

trepreneur, who was now busy marketing a station wagon to a doubtful customer, "he certainly knows how to fix them up on the outside. Have you checked the fan belt?" Before he could answer she had flung up the hood in a highly professional manner and disappeared into the motor.

JEREMY walked around the car to the half of her still visible. "Tune in next week for another exciting episode in the life of Gloria Ghoul, girl gas-station attendant," he said. "Will she find the missing axle, or will—?"

"Hey!" She stood up and frowned at the substantial back of Laughing Louie. "How many miles does he say it has on it?"

"Ten thousand. Why?"

"This fanbelt will never see thirty thousand again! You'd have to replace it."

"Tell me, do you do this for a living?"

"Heavens, no. I'm an interior decorator!"

"That makes sense. Among the chintz and broadloom I see you. But—"

"Mr. Randolph!" Her tone was one of outraged sympathy. "Look!" She was pointing an accusing finger at the oil dipstick.

Jeremy looked. "Car seems to be full of oil," he said lamely.

"Yes, and look at it! That's extra-heavy winter oil—to quiet the motor down for a few days! I really shudder to think of the shock absorbers. Here—let's see." To his utter fascination she leaped onto the front bumper and began jumping up and down. "Now watch," she said.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

"No—I mean—" She jumped off. The car continued to bounce up and down. "See? That shows it needs new shock absorbers. You—"

"Wassa matter! Wassa matter here!" Louie, for the first time in twenty-two years, had fled from the side of an undecided customer. "Whatdya trying to do?" he demanded of Jean. "Ruin my car? What is this anyway?"

"I have a vacuum gauge in my trunk," Jean said to Jeremy, ignoring Louie. "You can tell more from that than anything. It's very simple. You just detach the windshield wiper and—"

"Now listen here," Louie sputtered, wincing at the mention of a vacuum gauge as Dracula at the mention of wolfbane. "No windshield wiper do you detach, and no vacuum gauge do you bring on this lot!" He turned to Jeremy. "Now, Mr. Randolph, you're a reasonable man, so be *reasonable*, will yuh? How can you lose? You drive this by-oodiful vehicle three days. Anything you want fixed up? You're guaranteed parts and labor, by Lou's Super-Guarantee.



"Once you get your hands on that wheel, you'll never walk off this lot!"

Now any reasonable man—"He accented the last word slightly, "that thinks logical, y'might say—"

"Relax, Louis," Jeremy said. "I never said I wasn't buying the car. Stop sputtering and get the papers together."

Jean removed a handkerchief from her bag and dusted off her hands.

"You're right at that, Mr. Randolph. I guess you and this car really deserve each other." She marched off, pausing a moment at the edge of the lot to call.

"By the way, you'll need a new fuel pump right away! That's fifteen dollars, not counting labor costs!"

Louie watched her drive away, then

shook his head. "Dames is getting awful pushy," he said. "Look, Mr. Randolph, you wanna know how a car is gonna run? Listen to it!" He leaped into the driver's seat and switched on the motor. "Listen to that gentle hum. You think a motor would sound that quiet unless it was in A-1 shape?"

But Jeremy heard neither man nor motor. He did not marvel that the sight of a female motor mechanic happily bouncing up and down on a bumper had hit him with the force of a cement mixer. He simply muttered to himself the information which his reporter's eye had filed away during his brief

glance at the license. Address: 40 Elm Street.

"Good evening," Jeremy said, forty-five minutes later. "Does an attractive nuisance named Jean Price live here? I owe her a dinner."

The woman who opened the door of 40 Elm Street was fiftyish and friendly looking. Here, Jeremy's instincts told him, was an ally. "Yes, she does. Won't you come in?"

"A relative of yours?" Jeremy asked.

"My niece. I'm her Aunt Carolyn."

Jeremy clucked sympathetically.

"It seemed only fair to buy you dinner," Jeremy explained. "You scared Louie so much he knocked two hundred dollars off the down payment."

It was odd, Jeremy thought. The Cedarwood Hotel, with its sturdy, time-tested menu, had never before seemed a dead ringer for the Negresco Hotel on the Côte d'Azur. Tonight he could barely tell them apart. . . . Peculiar, Jeremy mused the next afternoon. Jake Varnkeep's combo, which had been playing for tea-dancing at the Cedarwood Country Club for eleven uninterrupted years, had never before sounded like not one but two Kostelanetz orchestras. Today the resemblance was startling. . . .

The signs and portents were all ominously pleasant. Jean evinced a touching interest in anecdotes about his childhood and kept innuendoes about his car to a minimum. By the second day rapport was so rampant that when the blow finally fell it sneaked up and clobbered Jeremy with the unexpected finesse of a professional Turkish assassin.

"You know what I think, greasy-fingers?" Jeremy said as they approached 40 Elm Street. "I think it would be very handy to have a good mechanic around on twenty-four hour call, so to speak."

She nodded thoughtfully. "It would save on labor charges and they're what add up. Oh by the way, don't do any heavy driving until you get a new left rear tire. Yours is retreaded right down to the fabric. It—hey, watch out!"

Distracted by the effort of not grinding his teeth too loudly, Jeremy had repeated his favorite outdoor sport of going through stop signs, thus interfering with the legal progress of a Packard.

"Sorry!" Jeremy called out the window, backing up as quickly as he could get the rather stiff hydromatic shift into reverse.

The driver shouted back, not unkindly. "O.K., mister, but stop driving like a woman!"

Jean, her face a pale mauve, her eyes and her fists tightly closed, was saying quietly, "—seven, eight, nine, ten!" She opened her eyes and took a deep breath. "What a revolting little man!"

Jeremy pursed his lips and looked high-minded. "I'm touched. But you can't blame him for yelling. He *did* have the right of way." He jumped out of the car and opened her door. She got out and looked at him coolly. "I am not the least concerned with whether he yelled, you stop-sign-goer-through! But did you hear what he *said*?"

Jeremy thought. "Something about driving like a woman? Why?"

"Why?" She slapped her forehead with the palm of her hand. It was obvious that the girl was shaken. "If there is anything, any one little thing, that makes me want to breathe smoke, it is those tired, wilted remarks about women drivers!"

Jeremy blinked.

She plied him with statistics up the front walk and up the porch steps, on the topmost of which Jeremy Randolph suddenly stopped—immobilized as though he had just seen a king-sized king cobra curled up on the doormat. Actually the sight which had caused the fine, old, Randolph blood to permute to Freezone was nothing more ominous than a neatly folded copy of the *Cedarwood Evening Examiner*. In the dream world of the last two days he had spared not a thought to the dear old *Examiner*. But now as he listened to the girl pulverizing the subject of women drivers, maligning of same, certain details of this day's issue came back to him in hideous detail. Through the roaring in his ears he heard Jean saying, "Oh good, here's the paper. Let's look at it before we go out to dinner." Then she was trilling happily, "Oh, Jeremy, here's another one of your articles. What's this one about?"

THIS one, it is regrettable to recall, was about "Miscellaneous Hazards of the Highway: Bicycles, Cow Crossings, and Women Drivers."

"I can't understand it," Jeremy said for the fifth time that hour. "Did she have little brothers who wouldn't let her play with their toy automobiles?"

Aunt Carolyn shook her head. "It's very odd. It's as though she just *has* to be right on the subject of automobiles. Of course she usually *is* right, but she has to be sure you *know* she's right, if you follow me."

"The modern woman!" Jeremy raised both eyebrows editorially. "Why when I was . . ." He stopped in the middle of a sentence and an olive and blinked. This was Monday. At five P.M. he would have owned his beloved car, the smooth-sailing, soft-spoken consolation of his life, for three days, and Louie's super-guarantee would expire.

"What's the matter?" Aunt Carolyn asked, alarmed.

"Nothing. An electric light bulb say-

ing 'Idea' has just gone on over my head." He winced. "But it's—oh, I can't do it."

"Do what?"

"Don't ask. I'll do it but I can't bring myself to put it into words. Now look, doesn't she have any engagements or anything to get her out of the house?"

"Yes. She's speaking to the Cedarwood Ladies' League at the country club this afternoon at four o'clock." Aunt Carolyn smiled apologetically. "On 'Why be Helpless on the Highway?'"

"Could you delay her somehow? Get her started late?"

"Well—I don't know, I guess I could try."

At exactly 3:25 P.M., a shadowy figure could be seen slinking into the garage of Number 40, feverishly muttering to itself from a page of notes just made under the guidance of a friendly gas station attendant. "The automatic choke . . . located over the fuel pump . . . secured by three small screws . . ."

At 3:40 P.M. it crept out of the garage and returned to the car which was parked on a slight incline, one hundred feet from the house.

At 3:50 Jean came hurrying out to the garage, giving the zipper of her dress a last reproachful tug. She leaped into the car and backed out. Before she had gone twenty feet, the motor snorted and died.

• There aren't any rules for success that work unless you do.—
Father Mathew Record

At this moment, Mr. Jeremy Randolph released his foot from the brake and rolled by the driveway of Number 40. "Hi!" he called out the window. "Say, won't you be late at the country club?" He got out of his car and rallied 'round.

She looked bleak. "Probably I will, since my car won't start. How did you know where I was going?"

"City desk," he said vaguely. "Want me to cover it, vacation or no vacation. Oh well." He looked at his watch. "It's getting on to four. What's wrong with your car?"

"I'll probably know more about it after looking under the hood," she said.

He opened her door. "You seriously intend to do repair work in those clothes?" He looked down at her feet. "And new white kid pumps? Don't be silly. Come on."

Randolph the conversationalist did not shine during the ten-minute drive to the club. Vignettes from his late article kept presenting themselves to his

mind. "Faced with a power failure on the road," he found himself thinking, "ninety-nine—oh, let's take a broad view—100 per cent of the ladies of your acquaintance become as helpless as a three-day-old baby." Jean was terribly polite. Just as polite, he imagined, as a well-brought-up girl would be if entertaining an escaped convict. The return trip, he thought grimly, would be different. As he opened the door for her she said, "One of the ladies will drive me home. Thanks very much for—"

"Of course not. I'll drive you home!"

"Thank you—but there's a little musical thing after my talk—the club president sings—and I have to stay. *Noblesse* what have you."

Jeremy smiled. Fate was playing into his hands in a *positively* phrenetic manner. "Don't give it a thought. I'll wait for you—outside."

DURING her talk he sat in the last row. He took copious notes and nodded in enthusiastic agreement whenever she made a point. When the talk was over he quietly retired from the room and crept out to his car. He opened the hood and gingerly reached for the automatic choke with a pair of pliers.

Twenty minutes later, Jean came out and got into the car, giving him a curiously unnerving, sidelong glance as she did so. "You were wonderful!" he said. "I'd like to quote you verbatim. I—uh—" The car had rolled a few feet and then stopped. Jeremy pumped the accelerator to no purpose. "Something seems to be wrong," he said and laughed weakly.

"You *mean*?" Jean said wide-eyed. "The car won't start?"

He tried turning over the motor. "I can't understand it. It shouldn't act like this—so soon." He frowned. "I hope it's nothing serious. I've got all my capital tied up in this car. You don't suppose . . ." He stopped.

Without saying a word she opened the glove compartment and took out the pliers. Then she got out of the car, flung up the hood, and made three short and expert jabs at the automatic choke. She was back in the car before Jeremy had collected himself sufficiently to leap out and look helpful.

"I'll have to admit," she said, wiping her fingers, "for originality it surely outclasses the old guess-we're-out-of-gas-routine!"

A delightful hush had settled over the countryside. "Do I understand," Jeremy asked in a cold, small voice, "that you think I decommissioned the vehicle so as to keep you out in a secluded spot?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Jean said thoughtfully. "As I watched you, fascinated,

through the large, clear windows of the club room, the thought just did cross my mind. By the way, you certainly made a job out of it!"

"Oh, the thought crossed your mind, did it!" he snarled, stung to the quick that his noble sacrifice had been interpreted on such a level. "If you must know, I was trying to butter you up by—quote—proving—unquote—that you were right about my car falling apart as soon as the guarantee expired. I don't understand this Henry Kaiser complex, of course. I was just catering to it." He slammed into the accelerator and roared out onto the highway. "I realize now I should have removed the whole motor. The automatic choke was much too simple for your advanced..."

"Automatic choke!" she repeated, one octave higher. Two and two became four with a dull thud. She turned and looked at him. "Jeremy Randolph, did you tinker with my car too?"

"YEAH, wanna make something of it?" Belligerently Jeremy pressed harder on the accelerator, a wasted gesture since the car suddenly gave an irritated gasp and stopped going. Jeremy muttered, "Now what?" He agitated the starter to no effect. Jean folded her arms and smiled into the distance. Cars honked, then began bypassing. "Well, master-mind," he said, "any suggestions?"

"Don't look at me," she advised soberly. "When faced with a power failure on the highway I am helpless as a three-day-old baby. Here—" She handed him the pliers.

"In trouble, bud?" a friendly Buick inquired, stopping.

"You bet I am. And motor trouble is about one-tenth of it."

"There's a service station right around the bend. Get in. I'll push you." And the car was propelled, safely and ignominiously, down the road.

"What's the trouble, Mister," the attendant asked.

"It's my car," Jeremy said between his teeth. "It won't go."

"Wait a minute. I'll call the mechanic." He bellowed. "Hey, Frank!" The mechanic and a friend emerged from the station. Silently the three men gathered around the stricken vehicle. "Sit in the shade, Ma'am?" the attendant called to Jean. "May take awhile."

She removed herself to the vicinity of a large apple tree and sat on the grass. Jeremy consulted briefly with the mechanic and then joined her. But he was beyond speech. Some moments later the mechanic came over and said, "Mister, did you say you just bought this car?"

Jeremy nodded.

"If I were you, I'd take it back to the dealer and read the riot act. Looks

like you've got yourself a first-class lemon."

"What seems to be the trouble?" Jean asked. If he had not been beyond the pale, Jeremy might have noticed a tone of genuine concern in her voice.

"Well, I'd have to give it a complete check to catch everything, but as far as I can see now, you need a new fan belt bad. You need new shock absorbers, new spark plugs, and a new left rear tire. Oh yes—the reason it stopped on you just now is the fuel pump is busted. We can put one in for you in about half-an-hour—cost you \$44.95 plus labor. Then if I were you I'd think about a ring job or you'll find she uses more oil than gas. Your dealer ought to make good on most of that. How's your guarantee read?"

"My guarantee," Jeremy said, his voice coming to him from a long way off, "expired an hour ago." The mechanic flung up his hands and went back to the car.

"Oh, Jeremy, really that's a shame!"

He looked up. Although the chip on his shoulder was the size of Boulder Dam, he could detect no shade of sarcasm in her voice.

"Maybe it won't be as bad as he says. Mechanics are always pessimistic."

Pure solicitude. "Go on," Jeremy said in a surly voice, "say it. I can't stand the suspense. Drop the shoe!"

"Say what?"

"I told you so."

"Oh, Jeremy, how stuffy do you think I am? I'm only sorry I was right about the old car."

He looked down into her face. It was positively beaming with friendliness.

Quite clearly, however much of a jerk she had thought him five minutes before, she now looked upon him with a spirit of complete good will.

"Now look, Jeremy," she was saying, "don't let them do anymore than put in the fuel pump, to get us home. Some of the other work can be done for the cost of the parts alone."

"Are you offering to do repair work on *that*?" He pointed a finger at the car in a gesture of inestimable loathing.

"Well, after all, Jeremy, let's be practical. You said yourself all your capital is tied up in it. And it's the labor costs that get you every time. Take the spark plugs. They..."

But Jeremy Randolph was a man who believed in seizing his opportunities in whatever ridiculous context he found them. "If you plan to do any work on my car, let me warn you," he interrupted, "that I believe in operating on a closed shop basis."

She blinked. "Well, I'm all for organized labor myself. Now—about the spark plugs..."

This time she was interrupted by a loud screech of brakes and an angry horn blast—simply a case, it developed, of a large blonde in a large station wagon trying to force her way into the outside lane without benefit of signal. Jean frowned and shook her head. "I hate to say this, Jeremy, but sometimes I think you're right about *some* women drivers! Now about these spark plugs, you—oh, Jeremy, we're practically sitting in the middle of a public thoroughfare!"

But the spark plug line was clearly doomed to incompleteness.

"Don't look at me," Jean advised . . . She handed him the pliers.





God, the Father

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

AS Catholics we know that all that Christ teaches through His Church is important. But it would not be correct to say that every doctrine the Church teaches is of equal importance. It would be a sad state of affairs, indeed it would be criminal, were the Church to give more prominence to the doctrine of Purgatory than to the doctrine of Christ's death on the Cross. Both are real doctrines, but one is more important than the other.

Catholics do not generally neglect or undervalue Christ's death on the Cross, but there is one doctrine of inimportance, of very great importance, to which we do not give sufficient attention. In so far as we do not, we are neither Christian nor Catholic. It is the doctrine of God the Father.

We can gain some insight into the place of pre-eminence God the Father should hold in our thinking and praying by learning how Christ thought of His Father. If the Father was often in His mind, if His name was often on His lips, then the question is settled. The Father is important. If we do not give the Father the same prominence in our praying as Christ did, then we go to God stunted, deformed, and hopelessly crippled. Our lives might be Christian in a fragmentary way, but they will never attain anything of the vigor of Christ's strength nor the wholeness of Christ's holiness.

When we attempt to sum up something of great length, whether it is a book, an argument, or a life, we attempt to grasp the essence which explains all else, that center to which all else is related. When Our Lord came to the end of His earthly life, He summed up what, in His own words, He called "His work." Speaking to His Father, Christ said, "Father . . . I have finished the work You gave me to do . . . I have manifested Your Name to man." The whole of what Our Lord did, His birth, His hidden life, His passion and death, are summed up, find their purpose and meaning, in making known the name of the Fa-

ther. Our Lord reduced the span of His earthly life and earthly mission to a double movement: He comes from the Father into the world; He leaves the world and goes to the Father. "I came forth from the Father and have come into the world. Again I leave the world and go to the Father."

These are wondrously simple thoughts. Because they are simple thoughts and we are not simple people, we may miss their meaning. Surely the Apostles did not fully understand, even though they had learned the "Our Father" from the lips of Our Lord, had heard the Sermon on the Mount and Our Lord's priestly prayer at the Last Supper. On these three occasions, and many others, they had heard Him in accents weighted with meaning speak the name of the Father over and over, but still they did not understand the importance of the Father. It was too simple for the Apostles and they missed its meaning.

Our Lord knew that they had not understood. He knew that the Apostles had difficulty grasping a distant God. They could understand that they should bow down in adoration before the Father because He was the Creator, the God of Might and Power. It was simple enough to bow down in adoration before such a One. But a Father, even if He is God, should be more than adored. He should be loved; loved not as a kindly phantom from above, but precisely as Father. And Father implies nearness, understanding, love, concern. But for the Apostles, the Father was a God apart, so above and beyond the flesh of man and its cares that the adoration they offered Him was the prostration of the fearful. Their adoration was a submission to power rather than a surrender to love.

If Our Lord was to lead them to the Father, He would have to bring the Father close to them. They would have to understand. He would have to tell that the Father was pure spirit, that He was before time and above time, that He transcended the heavens by the ter-

ror of His loveliness. But that would not be enough. Our Lord would have to make the Apostles understand that the Father would not be Father were He a sort of spiritualized volcano, ready and eager to erupt, or were He a pleasant old grandfather who is remotely paternal but basically unconcerned. Fear the Apostles understood, and trembling they understood. What man did not? But most of all they understood love. And it is in terms of love that Our Lord explained the Father to them. "I will speak to you plainly of the Father . . . The Father Himself loves you." This they understood.

A difficulty remained for them, however, and it remains for us. We are happy to know that the Father loves us. But for our part we can love the Father intimately only if we know Him intimately. The Father has never taken on a human body. Since we can love only what we first know, how can we love the Father unless we can in some manner see Him? Philip had a similar difficulty, and he made a bold request: "Lord, show us the Father: that is all we ask." Our Lord turned and said, "Philip, he who sees Me sees also the Father." This is not an evasive answer. It is truth as raw as truth can be. Christ is the Perfect Son of a Perfect Father. Christ is the Perfect Image of His Father. For this reason Christ can say in all literalness. "He who sees Me sees the Father also." To know Christ is to know the Father.

CHRISTIAN consciousness has always considered the "Our Father" the prayer of prayers. That is why Father Faber wrote, "The devotion to the Father is the devotion of devotions." There is little daring and no novelty in this assertion. It is an old, old truth whose neglect will take its revenge. There will be great holes in our Catholicity and an immeasurable void in our holiness. We will have missed the truth Philip put so well: "Show us the Father, and it is enough."

SHOULD MOM GO TO WORK?

More wives have jobs than ever before. Some experts are wondering: What will become of their families?

by Robert Senser

FIFTY engaged couples sat in the audience, and the speaker had a question for them. "How many of you young women are going to keep your jobs after you get married?" he asked.

A forest of hands went up. The audience laughed. The working brides-to-be seemed happy to know that they would have lots of company. Only eight or nine of the women were not planning to work on a job as well as in the home. (Cont'd next page.)

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY DAN COLEMAN



The hand that rocks the cradle now punches a typewriter to

"Another question," the speaker said. "How many of you know how long you will keep working? Those who do, keep their hands up."

All hands went down. The faces were serious now.

This brief quiz, made at a "Pre-Cana Conference" for engaged couples in a Catholic school hall, highlights a social revolution of our day: more and more wives—a little more than 25 per cent right now—are doing double duty as homemakers and workers. Their commitment usually isn't just a few months' long, but indefinite. Even motherhood is breaking down as a bar to service in the modern army of female jobholders.

What all this may lead to was described last March by Eli Ginzberg, research director of the National Manpower Council. With a note of approval in his voice, he told a conference of the U. S. Women's Bureau: "In the future, women will spend most of their life in paid employment. We have already moved a much greater distance [toward this] than we realize."

Fifteen or twenty years ago this prediction would have made headlines. Few reporters at the conference paid any attention to it.

Each year a team of interviewers from the Real Estate Research Corporation asks June brides at the Chicago city hall whether they plan to continue working. Each year the percentage of those who say Yes climbs higher (it stood at 80 per cent last year). But the trend rarely gets any space in the newspaper any more.

The old-line feminists, veteran campaigners for women's rights, are among the few who recognize how amazing the change has been. Several decades ago their struggle to allow women to vote had been a hard one. (In England, after the Prime Minister said women must earn the franchise by fighting for it as men had, a group of ladies obliged by placing a barrel of flour in the rafters of his next meeting place and dumping it on him as he spoke.) Today, on the job front, women have moved in on a scale beyond the dreams of yesterday's feminists.

NANCY Barr Mavity, once a staunch supporter of the National Women's Party, points out that women once debated whether they should pursue a career or marriage. Today, says Mrs. Mavity, more and more couples are "proving" that the wife can combine both.

"These [working couples] have perpetrated a revolution right under the noses of my generation," Mrs. Mavity wrote recently. "There have been no parades, no crusading arguments or lectures or legislative lobbying. They did not fight for a revolution—they simply are one."

The quiet revolutionaries numbered three million couples in 1940. Today they stand nearly ten million strong, and their ranks grow larger every day.

Look at the increase another way. In 1890 only one wife out of twenty-five worked outside the home. Today one out of four does. The number of married women on the job is so great, in fact, that today they constitute close to 60 per cent of the female labor force.

Wives, young and old, with or without children, have always worked, make no mistake about that. The pioneer wife of log cabin days and the farm performed many back-breaking chores. The difference is that a steadily increasing number of wives are now doing work for money, and away from home. In 1950 the U. S. census takers found women working in all its 446 occupational breakdowns—including railroad switchmen, sailors, meat cutters, carpenters, con-

struction laborers—and the wives were there too, in almost every type of job.

The most revolutionary change of all is that the hand that rocks the cradle often punches a typewriter a few years later. According to the latest count, of all the mothers with children under eighteen, one-fourth (5.3 million) are working. More than a tenth of the nation's toddlers—children under five—are in families whose mother has a job.

Many of these mothers (nobody is quite sure how many) have to work, the father is afflicted with a siege of illness or unemployment or is getting a very low wage. These are emergency cases, in which the mother is forced to assume more responsibility in times of stress.

Social reformers once almost unanimously lambasted social conditions that compelled mothers to leave their infants in favor of a job. But today a "progressive" school of thought, seldom challenged, actually urges mother to work even though there is no emergency. Some go so far as to insist that it is actually good for the family to have mother trot off to factory or office.

THIS view got an unopposed hearing over a 1953 broadcast of the *Town Meeting of the Air*, transmitted over 310 radio stations. Ashley Montagu, anthropologist, stated: "Homes are better organized with mothers working outside the home than when mothers are at home. . . . Children get a great deal more intelligent affection from working mothers than from nonworking mothers."

The same argument was voiced several times at the today "Conference on the Effective Use of Womanpower," sponsored in Washington last March by the U. S. Women's Bureau and attended by 400 prominent women. Most of the speakers, in fact, took for granted that the great number of mothers in industry is a sign of progress. The conference aimed at even greater achievement: for example, the building of a wide network of nursery schools, so that more mothers could be freed for employment.

What effect this exodus might have on the home was dismissed with remarks like this one by Roland R. Renne, president of Montana State College: "A happy mother who spends part of the day in the home is better than a dissatisfied mother who spends her whole day there. . . . There is more harmony in the home where the young woman is employed in industry or the professions."

Nonsense, said Dr. Leo Bartemeier, medical director of Seton Institute in Baltimore and former president of the American Psychiatric Association. He argued that the woman who "tries to span two worlds" is unfair to her children, especially the very young. "She deprives them of their emotional requirements and interferes with the development of their mature personality," Dr. Bartemeier said. His strongest point was this: While many a mother works for luxuries, she deprives her children of the greatest "luxury" they can have—her attention.

At the Women's Bureau conference, the viewpoint of Dr. Bartemeier, a Catholic, was a lonely one. Several of the twenty-five speakers, leaders in many walks of life, disputed his viewpoint. The rest simply ignored it. But there still are many experts who hold the "old-fashioned" idea—that it isn't healthy for a mother to leave her children and run off to work.

One of these is Dr. H. Close Hesselstine, secretary of the University of Chicago's department of gynecology and obstetrics, who during World War II served as chairman of the American Medical Association's committee on women in

keep junior in luxuries. But what of the greatest luxury—love?

industry. In a recent talk before physicians, Dr. Hesselstine, a Protestant, warned that the mass employment of mothers may have a very unsound effect upon home and family life.

"Of course, there are cases of desperate need where the mother must go to work. But to hold the working mother up as an ideal is just tommyrot. Looking at the question from the family's physical, mental, and moral health, the mother has no business taking on an extra job."

Most Americans agree, if only for practical reasons (baby sitters and nursery schools eat up most of a mother's salary). Among Catholic authorities, concerned as they are about Christian family life, there is no question about where the mother belongs.

Among Catholic authorities, the real argument is over the role of the wife before she becomes a mother: "Should wives work before they have children?" Again, most Americans stand solid in their answer: "Of course, why not?" And again their reason is practical. A typical one: "Two incomes are better than one." Or, as one recently married man indignantly put it: "Why shouldn't my wife work? She's healthy."

This attitude draws criticism from Charles and Rita Strubbe, a leading couple in the Cana Conference of Chicago, an archdiocesan organization which brings the Christian teaching on marriage to 10,000 married and engaged couples each year. "It used to be that most engaged couples seriously discussed the question of whether the wife should work," says Mrs. Strubbe. "They weighed the pro's and the con's carefully. Today most young couples simply accept without question that both of them belong in the labor force."

Mr. and Mrs. Strubbe, as well as many marriage counselors, urge young couples to ask themselves some frank questions before they decide on working careers for both. Here are the key questions, plus comment, compiled from several authorities on marriage and the family.

Does the wife's job really help much financially?

Working couples often wonder where the money goes, and the answer is that it costs a lot more to maintain a working wife. The extras include: income tax, social security tax, bus fare, meals out, stockings, wardrobe, dry cleaning, laundry, and other odds and ends. The working wife can consider herself lucky if she clears \$20 on a \$50 weekly paycheck. That comes to fifty cents an hour. (One working mother who was paying for baby care found she was netting seventeen cents an hour. She quit.)

AN energetic wife sometimes cuts corners by packing lunch, for example. But over the long haul she doesn't have time to be economy-minded in buying and preparing less expensive cuts of meat for dinner.

Generally, the realistic working wife lets the government take the full tax bite out of her paycheck—she claims no withholding exemptions (not even her own). This means that, on a \$50 check, the average tax and other payroll deductions are close to \$10.

Is it a real need or just social pressure that sends the wife to work?

What is or isn't a real need is debatable, but Father John C. Friedl, S. J., director of the Institute of Social Order at Rockhurst College, suggests that most double-income families are too loose in defining their needs. At a Catholic business educators' meeting, he said that the modern working missus is often the victim of high-pressure advertising and salesmanship.

"There is a Christian type of restraint with social implications," he said. "In line with virtuous moderation there must be a Christian limitation on the consumer's urge to spend and spend and buy and buy."

Another social pressure comes simply from the fact that "everybody else is doing it." With so many wives working these days, those who don't get a job often feel that they are lazily neglecting their duty.

How demanding is the job?

The best advice for the wife who decides to work: stick to jobs allowing a leisurely work pace, regular coffee breaks, and an occasional extended lunch hour.

"Part-time work can provide the supplementary financial help necessary in many families," Miss Caroline Pezzullo, leader of the Young Christian Workers, recently told the United Nations Commission on the Status of Women. "At the same time, it will not demand of women the difficult task of sustaining two full-time jobs."

Finally, the stress and fatigue of a full-time job can have no little influence on child-bearing. Dr. Samuel Cosgrove, retired director of the Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital in Jersey City, N. J., points out that "the travel factor in many otherwise quiet types of employment, with its stress on rushing to arrive at the job on time, is of not inconsiderable importance in the incidence of miscarriage among women who continue to work during pregnancy."

STRESS of an extra job may also affect fecundity, a factor which women who want children should not neglect to consider when taking a job. "Some women try to do two women's work," Dr. Cosgrove says, "and are on the go sixteen hours a day. This leads to fatigue. It is our experience that such fatigue constitutes an ill-defined psychological stress which can affect fecundity. In certain selected cases, we—as do many other gynecologists and obstetricians—advise resigning a job for a more placid life."

How much work does she have to do at home?

More than two-thirds of employed wives spend a weekly average of seventy-nine hours working outside and in the home. Besides the forty hours on the job, thirty-nine more hours go for shopping, cooking, washing dishes, dusting, washing and ironing clothes. These were the findings in a study made for the General Electric Corporation last year. But the study doesn't give an exact picture of the childless wife's home involvement, because it covered a cross-section of homemakers, young and old, with and without children.

Father John L. Thomas, S. J., sociologist who teaches at St. Louis University, points out that in most city homes the young wife without children doesn't have enough activity to occupy her time. "Once children arrive, of course, there is plenty to do, but before that, many girls may find remaining home alone in the apartment rather frustrating," Father Thomas says. "No woman wants to feel that she is merely ornamental—particularly when there is no money saved."

How long will she keep the job?

"If the wife goes to work for something the couple thinks they need, say a new car or TV, they soon find a lot of other needs to satisfy," says Mrs. Strubbe. "Before long, they become so dependent on two incomes that the wife keeps her job indefinitely—and might even be tempted to postpone having children."

The Strubbes are much more opposed to working wives than is Father Thomas. They advise that if a wife must work, however, she should set a quitting date well in advance—and tell the employer about it. (Continued on page 70)

RIGHT—Miss Windeatt sweeps the steps of the shrine of Our Lady of Monte Cassino

BELOW—In the quiet of her study, Miss Windeatt turns out books at the rate of three a year



FROM SIX TO SIXTEEN

MARY WINDEATT may be no literary lion (she once tried her hand at writing novels and flopped miserably), but she does have a rare gift for gathering children from six to sixteen about her and entrancing them with a story—usually about a saint. Proof of her gift can be found in some forty books for children she has written in the last fourteen years which have sold well over 300,000 copies. Her latest effort has been a unique series of coloring books with text on Our Lady and the saints.

Miss Windeatt lives quietly with her mother amid the rolling hills of southern Indiana near St. Meinrad Archabbey. There, she is also custodian of an 85-year-old woodland shrine to Our Lady of Monte Cassino, to whom she gives credit for her inspiration. To her work, Miss Windeatt brings a deep sense of dedication. "Children are by nature hero worshippers," she says: "If there is a lack of stories about holy and wholesome heroes—like the saints—youngsters will find their heroes in grisly comic book characters."



KNIG

LETHA
of the
will: th
are the
tion. "I
which
knights
Four
by Em
adian
busine
(who t
XIII)
a diff
an int
Catho
metho
weeks
curre
readi
such
"The
and 'I
knigh
and i
no L
inate
trade
lain
as a
matt
ordin
forty
U. S.
W
acco
"Yo
knig
we c
bers
knig
tabl
in t
way
qui
bec
anx
ing

KNIGHT OF LEO

LETHARGY of the spirit, coldness of the heart, and weakness of the will: these, Pope Pius XII has said, are the chief enemies of the Christian. These, too, are the enemies which a new movement—the Leoknights—has set out to conquer.

Founded in Hamilton, Ontario, by Emile L. Dubois, former Canadian newsboy turned successful business executive, the Leoknights (who take their name from Pope Leo XIII) is a discussion group with a difference. Their goal: creating an informed, intelligent, and vocal Catholic public opinion. Their method: meetings every two weeks at which members discuss current questions, based on daily reading of important articles in such publications as "America," "The Sign," "The London Tablet," and "The Ensign" of Canada. Leoknights come from all walks of life, and it is a closely abided rule that no Leoknight group shall be dominated by men from any single trade or profession. A priest-chaplain sits in on all meetings to serve as a resource person on doctrinal matters, but otherwise acts as an ordinary member. There are now forty such groups in six cities in the U. S. and Canada.

What do the Leoknights actually accomplish? Says founder Dubois: "You can't measure the Leoknights' success in statistics, for we are interested in men, not numbers. It takes a year for a Leoknight group to become well established. In that year, the change in the men who participate is always dramatic. Men who were quiet, passive, 'practical' Catholics become socially conscious laymen anxious to make Christianity a living thing in their daily lives."



The Sign's
People
of the month

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN COLEMAN

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Complaints I Receive

THE LETTERS WHICH occasionally come to me full of what I may call clerical complaints are, I note, always from women. Perhaps men have a more impersonal attitude; they do not belong to altar guilds or rosary societies, organizations which are apt to provide both thorns and roses for pastors as well as for the laity.

The clergy send me no complaints either. No doubt they take them to the Lord in prayer, which is a very good idea and worthy of being followed by the ladies too. Even so, the complaints I get are nothing that will ever rock even slightly the ship of Peter; of that I am sure.

My letters complain that the pastor goes ahead and gets the statues he wants and uses a color of paint for the church when it is a hue unpleasing to many parishioners. Or he picks a school uniform that is not becoming. Or there is acid comment on why priests talk money from the pulpit.

I have touched on this subject before but warily. Shall we now wade right in and hope the waters will not close over our heads?

Anticlericalism Growing?

SOME MONTHS AGO I sat at a Communion breakfast next to a Monsignor who made a lot of flavorful comment on events and people. That morning I had been reading that anticlericalism was growing in this country and I asked him if he thought that was true.

"Oh, by leaps and bounds," he said promptly, which was not exactly the answer I had been expecting. When he saw my startled face, he went on to explain that the kind he referred to was not the dangerous variety one finds in Europe where it is political and can do great harm; ours is an anticlericalism of irritation, the feeling that the pastor wants to do everything himself, that if you make a suggestion he snaps your head off, that because he doesn't care to read he doesn't want a church library, that he regards suggestions as a variety of insult.

"Oh, you mean griping," I said, quite relieved, and he agreed that perhaps that was the better term.

Of course, there is often good reason behind some of the complaints, but it is difficult to set it down and if I don't look out I *shall* be over my head, in which case I am all but positive that a kindly member of the clergy will be more apt to save me than the griping layfolk.

But here is an example of what I mean. Some years ago in the Middle West the president of a large Catholic women's college said to me, "I am a trustee of my church and my one duty all last year was to carry one pole of the canopy at the Forty Hours." He and many other lay people could surely aid a pastor in many ways, and it is true that in the past men did—in the days when they built churches with the work of their own hands. Today money is about all one can give. But the advice of men successful in their various fields ought to be of help and also give a harried pastor more time for the spiritual life. A Bishop with whom I had an appointment was late keeping it and he said, "All day I've been looking at schools and looking at plans for churches—and so little time for praying."

As for the complaint that the laity are not asked to help

except with money and putting flowers in vases, it is well to remember that it was Archbishop Cushing who said, "If all things are to be restored in Christ, the work will have to be done in the main by the laity." I told that to the college president and he looked skeptical and said, "Try and get it."

It is, of course, an argument which no one can win, for both sides are very right and at times both very wrong. But I do think that capable people in the Church should be called into committee consultation, both men and women.

Authority over the spiritual belongs to the priest, but why a single authority over carpets and statues, Newman Club dances, and speakers for Communion breakfasts?

My Own Gripes

NOW I SHOULD LIKE to list my own special gripes. The first is that I wish with all my heart that the clergy would let me finish my part of the Hail Mary before starting in again on their part. Instead of antiphony you have cacophony. The Hail Holy Queen is satisfying because we are all in on that all the way, but only now and then have I been able to do my part on the Hail Mary, for the voice from the altar starts in before I am through. On this matter of speed I can quote from the clergy: Cardinal Mercier, being asked on his death bed if he had a final message for his clergy, said he begged them "to say Mass more slowly."

My second peeve is the general one of taking money at the door. This, I am told, is a necessity in large and poor city parishes, yet in the archdiocese of a Midwest state there is no such collecting and there are large churches in poor localities.

My third peeve is preaching. It has been explained to me that most priests are trained in the seminary to preach theological sermons, as on the great topics of love and faith. But I can't see why these cannot be made interesting too by using Our Lord's method in His parables, in which He drew subjects from the life about him. Interesting and familiar stories make the truths stick better too in people's minds.

So far I have said nothing of the longsufferingness of the clergy. When I read complaining letters about them, I often find myself thinking of just that. But, of course, right in the very beginning of the Church there was Saint Paul saying pleadingly, "I entreat Evodia and I exhort Syntyche to be of one mind in the Lord." How many a harried priest must have wanted to say that, only substituting Mrs. Jones and Miss Smith for the Biblical names. All through his ministry, Saint Paul speaks both thankfully and feelingly of the women who aided him and did not always agree on just how, then even as now. If we could only all have the fruits of the spirit—charity and peace and benignity—of which he speaks, how wonderful it would be for both sides.

And both sides, if they feel contentious or weary or full of other emotions induced by the other side, might consider the story of the two large maples in Greenwich, Conn., which are right on the sidewalk of a busy street. Some people want them chopped down because it takes longer to go around them and there are others who for the sake of the shade and beauty of the trees are quite willing to walk around them. Surely that is the best and most profitable way for all of us.

The Last Mothering



WOOD ENGRAVING BY BRUNO BRAMANTI

The receptionist when Jesus entered human life, Mary was at the foot of the Cross to receive His broken body in death

by JUDE MEAD, C. P.

THE sixth hour of Mary's Compassion, her sixth sword-pierced sorrow, is the taking down of Jesus from the Cross, the Deposition, as it is economically called in the liturgy. This is Mary's last act as Mother of Jesus. She received Him into her arms at His coming into this world. It was equally fitting that she should receive Him into her motherly arms after His death on the Cross. This then is the hour of Mary's last mothering.

The touching scene of Mary with the lifeless body of Christ in her arms is a most common subject of art. From earliest times, this last office of Mary has been an object for the Masters of successive periods. The reason is obvious enough. The contrast between life and death is always compelling. Devotion be-

tween mother and child has a universal appeal. But in this scene we have the paradox of the ages, the Son who, though dead, is truly living and the Mother who, though living, is truly dead as the result of her Compassion in the sufferings and death of her Son. No wonder that even the art critics have accepted the one generic term to embrace the presentation of this scene no matter who the artist may be. The dead Christ in the arms of Mary is called the *Pietà*. Now this is an Italian word meaning pity. But where is the pity in this scene? Surely not in Christ, because He is dead and beyond any human feelings. Surely not in Mary, because in her anguish there is neither pity for self nor for the dead Christ. She has only the numbness of complete sur-

render to the dreadful reality that God is dead for sinners. In whom then does this pity lie? It is supposed to be evoked from the heart of the beholder. As Jacopone da Todi in his Marian sequence, the "Stabat Mater," written in the thirteenth century, exclaims:

"Breathes there a man with grief
not torn

Beholding Christ's own Mother
mourn

Sorrowing for her only Son."

How appropriately does Holy Mother Church apply the text of Jeremias, the Prophet, to Mary's last mothering. "All you who pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." (Lam. 1:12).

THE only way to understand this situation is to look at the facts. In the natural order, it is a small but undeniable comfort for a mother to assist at the deathbed of her child. When the child is a young man the tragedy of the situation is intensified. It is a source of constant wonder to see how many offices love can invent to solace, to comfort, and to give awareness of the presence of love. How many careworn mothers' hands have smoothed out unseen wrinkles from the pillow of a dying child? How many brows, cooling with the dread presence of death, have felt the caress of a mother, testifying her presence, her devotion, and her love? How many hands have felt the pressure of love that no human speech could convey? As many times as mothers have waited for death to take away the life they themselves have given.

Yet see how even the meager measure of natural comfort was denied Mary. She could not reach the hands of her loving Jesus, for they were lifted high above her on the Cross and pinioned there with grasping nails. She could not smooth the pillow of her Son, because His deathbed was the rough wood of the Cross, unyielding even to the gentle persuasion of mother love. She could not lay her hands upon the forehead of her dying Son, because already it was in the spiny embrace of the crown of thorns. So completely then is every material desire of Mary thwarted on Calvary as to make her position excruciating!

It is natural also, according to the minds of men, to shield a mother from any violence done her son. Our daily press again and again shows the family, the law, the healing profession, or even bystanders who are complete strangers leading a mother away from an accident in which a son has met violent or gory death. But our poor Blessed Lady has already endured so much no one would dare to lead her from the Cross when the body of Jesus was taken down.

Not even the passage of two thousand years can erase the horror of the beloved friends of Jesus as they pulled out the resisting nails. Among the relics of the Passion is one such nail. It is actually bent out of shape in the center of its shaft, where either in entering or being withdrawn from the sacred limbs of Jesus, even its own strength was equaled by pressure in the body of Christ. According to the Scriptures, Pilot was surprised that Jesus was already dead by three o'clock. Mary had seen his emissary thrust a lance into the dead heart of Jesus. And when the body of Jesus was lowered from the Cross and His friends looked for a place worthy to receive it, they found none more worthy, none more willing than the arms of His mother Mary.

Jesus was dead. He could feel no more. He could suffer no further. But his Mother could. And indeed she did.

The medieval illustrators are filled with a kind of hypnotized pity at this scene in the Passion of Jesus and the Compassion of Mary. While they themselves go into great detail of illustration, they represent everyone else as shying away from it. As the body of Jesus lies in Mary's arms, all the Passion is displayed before her. She sees every wound, every indignity, every cause of pain in the body of her Son. She rocks back and forth as a mother nursing a helpless Son. In the Hour Books, the angels that rejoiced over this pair at Bethlehem turn away in sheer grief from this most pitiful sight. One of them kisses the feet of Jesus, while another offers Mary a great handkerchief, enlarged in proportion to Mary's cause for weeping. In another medallion, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea appear with their backs to Mary, unable to stand the sight of the disconsolate Virgin and filled with that sense of propriety that deems

no help a better thing than interfering in the deep privacy of Mary's grief. One last reminder of medieval fitness shows Mary Magdalen embracing the feet of Jesus as He is dead in His mother's arms. Just as Christ had defended her like action to Him when alive, because she did it for His burial, now Mary His mother stretches out her arm to encompass this destitute lover of her Son, her great charity exceeding even her own sorrow.

Surely if Mary had been a weaker woman she would have demonstrated the vehemence of her sorrow. Instead she shows us the depth of her love. While her heart would have her cling to the body of her Son and never let Him go, her good judgment moves her to write forever in her heart the multitude of His wounds and then to allow Him to be laid on the rock of the anointing so that His body can be made presentable. The mystics of the Passion tell us that while other gentle hands prepared the body of Jesus for burial, Mary herself washed His holy head and removed from it all defilement. To the bitterest end, Mary was His loving mother.

And in all this, there is deep consolation for us, the other children of the Sorrowful Mother. Just as Mary was there to receive Jesus at His death, we can truly hope that she will come to us to receive us at our death, that, as her last mothering at the foot of the Cross proved her devotion to Jesus, her last mothering of us may prove us to be her children.

So in the ancient words added to the message of the Angel Gabriel, after the Council of Ephesus in 431, let us often appeal to Our Lady of the Pietà . . . "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

YOUNG MAIDENS RUNNING (For the Novices)

by JESSICA POWERS

Saint I defined for you: a slow serene

Candle in a cathedral solitude.

A virgin lily in a nameless wood.

Yet you are flowers of petalled fire that lean

On a swift wind or waves that ride the sea

In tender rushings toward divinity.

O living phrases from the Canticle!

I sing you, maidens that arise and run

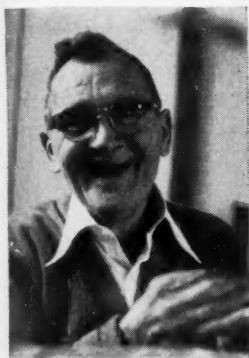
In the stained footsteps of the King's young Son.

Hence must I now for saint new concept tell:

A maiden racing toward a sole desire

With garments blowing and her face on fire.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY



John Schneider is Kundig Center's "man with the smile"

Father Suedkamp is the Kundig Center's chaplain-director



Where the Aged are PEOPLE

Detroit's Kundig Center offers a community approach to the problems of the elderly, based on the conviction that old folks are people

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES LOWE

WHAT'S HAPPENING to America's old people? Rev. John Lennon of the National Conference of Catholic Charities puts the question another way: "Only four per cent of the aging are in institutions. The other ninety-six per cent are somewhere in the community. How are their needs being met?"

In other days, aging was less of a problem. There were fewer old people, for one thing, and strong family bonds meant that they could maintain a place of respect in society. Today, many old folks must fend pretty much for them-

selves, armed only with their monthly retirement check against the twin enemies—loneliness and frustration.

Detroit has some 200,000 retired people. Of these, 1,000 are in old folks' homes. Some time ago, Cardinal Mooney expressed the wish that something be done to make their lives more fruitful. From this wish, Kundig Center was born under the direction of Rev. Wilbur Suedkamp to help Detroit's old folks find a deeper spiritual and social meaning in their "harvest years" through a program of community living.



CHARLES WILLIM AND ELIZABETH FRASE, CENTER'S MOST AVID PAINTERS, FIND OUTLET FOR ARTISTIC TALENTS



COUNSELING services are provided by James T. McCuish, assistant director of Kundig Center

Where the Aged are PEOPLE

LONELINESS and frustration are the chief enemies of retired people. Kundig Center combats the first by providing a congenial place where old folks can get together. It combats the latter by providing outlets for latent talents and by helping its members to find useful employment. Counseling, legal advice, medical care, cultural activities, recreation, housing, and spiritual activities round out its program. Private rooms in the neighborhood around the Center fulfill the members' desire for a life of their own. None of the activities are compulsory, but they are always available. Rather, the Center is a service to retired people to help them find friendship and fulfillment. Of special importance to Father Suedkamp is the Center's monthly day of recollection. "A person's later years," he says, "is a time when he should not fail to think of Heaven."



VISITOR to the Center is this venerable gentleman who came to look the place over and watch TV. He'd like to become a member



BEST CHESS player at the Center is Jerry Casey, who is proof that while body may slow down in later years, the mind remains alert and active



DAILY RECITATION OF THE ROSARY IS PART OF THE CENTER'S SPIRITUAL PROGRAM TAKEN ON VOLUNTARILY BY MEMBERS

by JOHN LESTER

Radio and Television



Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Like all comedy teams, they have had their differences. Will financial interests prevent their break-up?

Will the fall season bring his own TV series to young comedian Jonathan Winters, summer replacement for George Gobel?

IT now seems certain that censorship for TV is just around the corner.

Just what form it will take can't be predicted at this time, except in a general way, nor does anyone know positively whether it will be instituted by the government or by the industry itself.

My guess, based on considerable investigation, is that the industry will take the initiative and set up a system patterned after the motion picture "purity" code, but one that will be far tougher.

I find the big men in TV, almost without exception, would rather draw up their own rules and regulations than have them imposed by the government or any outside group. They agree, almost to a man, that such are not only necessary but should be adopted at once. They also agree that any code for TV should be tougher than that for pictures, or any other medium, because TV goes into the home.

"In the case of motion pictures," one TV spokesman pointed out in illustrating the difference, "the audience must pay to get into theaters. However, with TV, programs are transmitted into homes free of charge, and it is this very

penetration that accentuates the problem of censorship and the need for it."

Some of the more far-seeing men in TV felt the need of uniformity of operation from the beginning and urged that something be done at every opportunity. Their fear then, as now, was that various pressure groups would force the government to take over, since public-owned air channels were involved. Finally, about two years ago, a so-called NARTB code was adopted for ratification of individual stations. This was a step in the right direction.

Agitation both within and without the industry has continued, however, and is now stronger than ever in spite of the apparent all-out concentration on pay-as-you-see TV. In fact, it is my belief that a new TV code will arrive long before a decision on pay-as-you-see, probably before the end of the year.

Several key men in the industry have already agreed to throw their weight behind acceptance of a "TV Czar," to be supported by a committee of nine, provided the right man can be found. If he cannot, they will no doubt settle for the committee, to be headed by rotating chairmen.

Money Talks

As everyone must know by now, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have had another scrap, the most public and publicized of all.

The feeling in many quarters, this time, is that the boys are through as a team. I'm sure they are, too, just as I was six months ago, but only in the sense that they'll never be the same care-free, uninhibited performers of the past.

I'm just as sure they'll never break permanently and professionally.

Too many people are associated with them business-wise who can and will prevail on them to continue. Also, there's too much money involved for either to be so foolish as to effect a complete break, not to mention partnerships in pictures of past, present, and future ventures, and many product endorsements.

Their York Corporation alone, which produces the Colgate shows, is worth millions.

This isn't the first time a comedy team has had differences. They've all had them. They're all human. They all get overtired and edgy and, being artists, temperamental outbursts invari-

ably follow. But they all get over them and Dean and Jerry will, too, for any number of reasons, foremost among which will be the financial.

Money, as grandmother used to say, covers a multitude of sins.

Workshop for Nuns

Boston's Archdiocesan TV Center will inaugurate something new this summer, a Television Workshop for Nuns, first sessions of which were scheduled to begin August 8.

A five-day Workshop, it is designed to familiarize the nuns with the technical sides and creative potential of television, in the hope that improved teaching techniques will result.

Father Walter L. Flaherty, director of the Center, is in charge of the Workshop. He has long recognized, he says, TV's impact as a means of audio-visual education which has made a national figure of "Miss Frances" of *Ding Dong School*, almost overnight.

It was learned that other groups around the country, similar to Boston's TV Center, are checking with the latter prior to launching Workshop projects of their own.

The New Smash

The next comedy smash on TV will be a fellow named Jonathan Winters and you can depend on it.

NBC-TV has a tight grip on the husky ex-Marine's long-term contract to which it signed him virtually under the nose of CBS, since that network actually saw and hired him first.

Winters is so different and funny, I can't understand how CBS missed chaining him down, or why there wasn't a scramble for his services when he first hit town. Nor can I understand what has kept him from stardom so long,

even though he's only twenty-nine and had only been in show business seven years.

His forte is unique, fresh material, most of which he writes himself, combined with an unusual but personable delivery, an expressive face, a tremendous talent for mimicry, a keen satiric insight, and a healthy sense of the ridiculous.

He has no show business background and doesn't even look like a performer. In fact, he started out to be a cartoonist, but suddenly switched to show business armed only with a stock of strange sounds and impressions with which he had entertained himself and friends from boyhood. His first job was as a disc jockey in his home-town of Dayton, Ohio. After a brief tenure, he left for New York, a series of small club dates and starvation.

At least he told me he was starving, when I first met him about three years ago, and he certainly looked it. It wasn't too long after that before he began to make a small name, however, and a string of appearances on CBS-TV followed. Next came the NBC contract. He'll get a build-up à la George Gobel on that network's summer "specials" and have his own series by fall.

I don't think he can miss.

In brief—Danny Thomas will narrate *The Abraham Lincoln Story* for The Christophers' tele-series. . . . Ralph Edwards will get the profile treatment in the *Saturday Evening Post*. . . . Chico Marx will return to TV in the fall with his own series. . . . Jack Webb begins a 30-city tour of the U.S. and Canada July 27 in the interest of his new picture, *Pete Kelly's Blues*, which he'll adapt to TV. . . . Pittsburgh public schools will begin a year-long experiment in teaching via TV in September.

Special classes will be held daily in French, Arithmetic, and Reading, with tests at the beginning and end of the course to determine the effectiveness of TV as a means of instruction. . . . The Walt Disney Studios receive 1,000 letters a week asking who sings the "When You Wish Upon a Star" theme of the Disneyland series. The singer is veteran Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards, who introduced the song as the "voice" of "Jimmy Cricket" in Disney's 1949 production of *Pinocchio*. He seems to be next up for stardom under the Disney banner. . . .

The new National Council of Catholic Men tele-film series, *We Believe*, will premiere soon coast-to-coast. . . . *Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal*, the first Lloyd C. Douglas work ever adapted to TV, is being readied for syndication with John Howard in the title role. . . . The mail continues to roll in insisting that a TV series starring a cat would begin with a ready-made audience in the millions. And since there are so many animal series on the air, why not one about a cat? . . . Dennis Day, determined to make a go of TV, will try again soon with another format. . . . Milton Berle has invested in a heavy-weight fight prospect named Nick Angelo. . . . Artie Auerbach, the "Mr. Kitzel" of the Jack Benny shows, has a deal pending for a TV show titled *Teller of Tales*. Artie was a photographer on a New York newspaper originally and is still on leave after more than twenty years! . . . John Charles Thomas is currently managing a radio-TV station on the West Coast, in case you classical music lovers wondered. . . . *The First Offender* radio series will be converted to TV to help fight juvenile delinquency. . . . Artist Normal Rockwell will do a special portrait of "Lassie" in answer to thousands of requests.



HOBBYISTS—They stress the comic side in their TV series, "Do It Yourself," but Dave Willock and Cliff Arquette are serious hobbyists



CHIEF TOASTER—Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town" is still going strong after 7 years of competition. Beginning in the fall, series will be called "The Ed Sullivan Show"



GI COMICS—Hal March and Tom D'Andrea in TV series, "The Soldiers," which follows the misadventures of a pair of hapless GI's, stressing the funnier side of life in the barracks



IN "FLICKA" SERIES—Anita Louise will be feminine star of the upcoming "My Friend Flicka" tele-series. "Wahana," a beautiful Arabian horse, will play title role

The Young Bucks

WILLIAM JOSEPH SKOWRON, the young first baseman with the Yankees, is a reformed football player out of Purdue who hasn't yet found pitching that he can't hit safely one-third of the time. For three seasons on the Yankees' minor league farms, his batting average was well above .300 and as a bit player in Casey Stengel's troupe last season he slugged American League pitchers for an average of .340.

He is a big kid of twenty-four, dark and heavy-browed, fleet and muscular and combative. "Can't miss," the scouts have been saying since 1951, but it isn't always easy to believe the scouts when you're young and ambitious and the big break seems always just barely beyond your reach.

At the start of this summer, Skowron established himself as the Yankees' regular first baseman. He was abusing pitchers scandalously, batting around .400, when an injury put him out of action. He tried to get back before the damage was entirely repaired, aggravated the injury, and hobbled back to the bench to watch with a mixture of respect and envy while Eddie Robinson, playing in his place, aimed line drives at the fence.

During that time, Skowron was called on to speak at a sports dinner. He talked of his injuries, reported that they were about cleared up now, but confessed to nagging doubts about getting his job back. The way Robbie was going, he said, gee, he was so happy about that and all, but just the same, a fellow couldn't help wondering whether he'd ever get to play again.

Afterward he was worried. "Was I out of line with what I said?" he asked. "You were not," he was assured. "You said nothing but the truth and you said it well. Sure, you want to play and sometimes you can't help wondering—Listen, I'll tell you a story."

The story was about Phil Rizzuto, who came up to the Yankees in 1941 with Gerry Priddy, his Kansas City infield

partner. The combination of Rizzuto at shortstop and Priddy at second base was the most famous in the minors and it was taken for granted they would swiftly displace Frank Crosetti and Joe Gordon in Yankee Stadium.

Rizzuto says today that he was fortunate, that everything broke his way in the minors and it was just dumb luck that hustled him up through the Bi-State League, the Piedmont, and the American Association in less than four seasons. Probably he believes it, being the sort who wouldn't realize, even at this late date, that nothing could have kept a kid of his resolution down.

He had to play ball and he had to play in the majors. As a New York kid playing in the amateur Queens Alliance League, he pestered the New York teams for a chance. Casey Stengel, then managing the Dodgers, surveyed his five-and-a-half-foot silhouette and told him to go home and grow up. A coach ran him out of the Polo Grounds lest he be trampled to death by some Giant. Nothing discouraged him. Nothing could stop him.

"I guess the old Yankees resented Priddy and I coming in to take the jobs from Gordon and Crosetti," he says now, looking back to 1941.

IN the first week or so of training camp scarcely anyone spoke to him. Lefty Gomez, the pitcher, did, for the day has not dawned that found Gomez without words. Lefty joshed Rizzuto about his size, trying to make him feel at home. "Better stand on a stool," he'd tell Phil in the showers. "The water'll be cold by the time it gets down there to you."

Crosetti was friendly, too. If he felt any resentment toward a pretender to his job, he went out of his way to conceal it. The other players ignored the newcomers, accepting them grudgingly only when it became evident that Joe McCarthy meant to open the season with Rizzuto and Priddy as regulars. The manager shifted Joe Gordon

to first base, but that didn't last long.

The Yankees got off poorly when the season began. Rizzuto and Priddy were nervous and unreliable. The manager stayed with them for awhile and then one day Rizzuto arrived in the clubhouse and encountered Priddy in tears. "He's benching me," Priddy said.

Phil was saying gee, Gerry, that was tough, but don't worry, there'd be plenty of time to get back—"Hey, Rizzuto," the clubhouse attendant said, jerking a thumb toward McCarthy's office. "You're wanted."

"In a minute I came out bawling," Phil relates.

ULTIMATELY, he got back to become the best of all Yankee shortstops, and one of the grandest competitors they ever had. While he was benched, however, he had to sit beside McCarthy and listen and watch how Crosetti made the plays. He hated that, dreading a reputation as teacher's pet.

"Their team began winning right away," he recalls. (If he couldn't make it, it was "their" team, not his.) "They started climbing to first place and I was glad, but every time Crosetti made a great play, I kind of winced. I couldn't help it. I liked Crow and he'd been nice to me and I wanted the team to win. But that was my future out there, my whole life."

"And so," Skowron was told, "you weren't out of line with what you said. If you didn't feel the way you do, you wouldn't be around long."

It wasn't long before Skowron was back and swatting the ball again. The point is, baseball is one of the most fiercely competitive of fields and all players of merit accept that as an occupational hazard. To get up they must beat somebody else, and they know the time will come when somebody else beats them.

Old ball players say that in contrast to their times, rookies of today are coddled and spoon-fed. Again and again you hear tales of kids arriving

by **RED SMITH**



Young Bill Skowron is a reformed football player who abuses baseball pitchers scandalously. But the big break seems always around the corner

United Press

in the clubhouse to find their uniforms soaked and tied in knots.

This attitude of outright enmity toward newcomers seems to have had two sources. The regulars were a closed circle, fighting in a common cause to protect their livelihood against challenge from intruders. Also, this was a game for men and an upstart had to prove himself. The brutal hazing was a test, and if a rookie couldn't take it he didn't belong.

Generally speaking, hazing is a thing of the past, but major league baseball remains a game for men, and major leaguers have as inflexible a pride as ever in their position. They will not compromise with quality to accept a newcomer, no matter how warmly they may come to regard him personally.

YEARs ago when Connie Mack was managing the Athletics, there must have been eight or ten candidates for second base in the spring camp. Wayne Ambler, the gayest of the lot, organized a "Second Basemen's Club," which he served as chairman of the reception committee.

Whenever a taxi pulled up to the team's hotel, Ambler would spring from his chair on the veranda, hustle forward, and open the cab door.

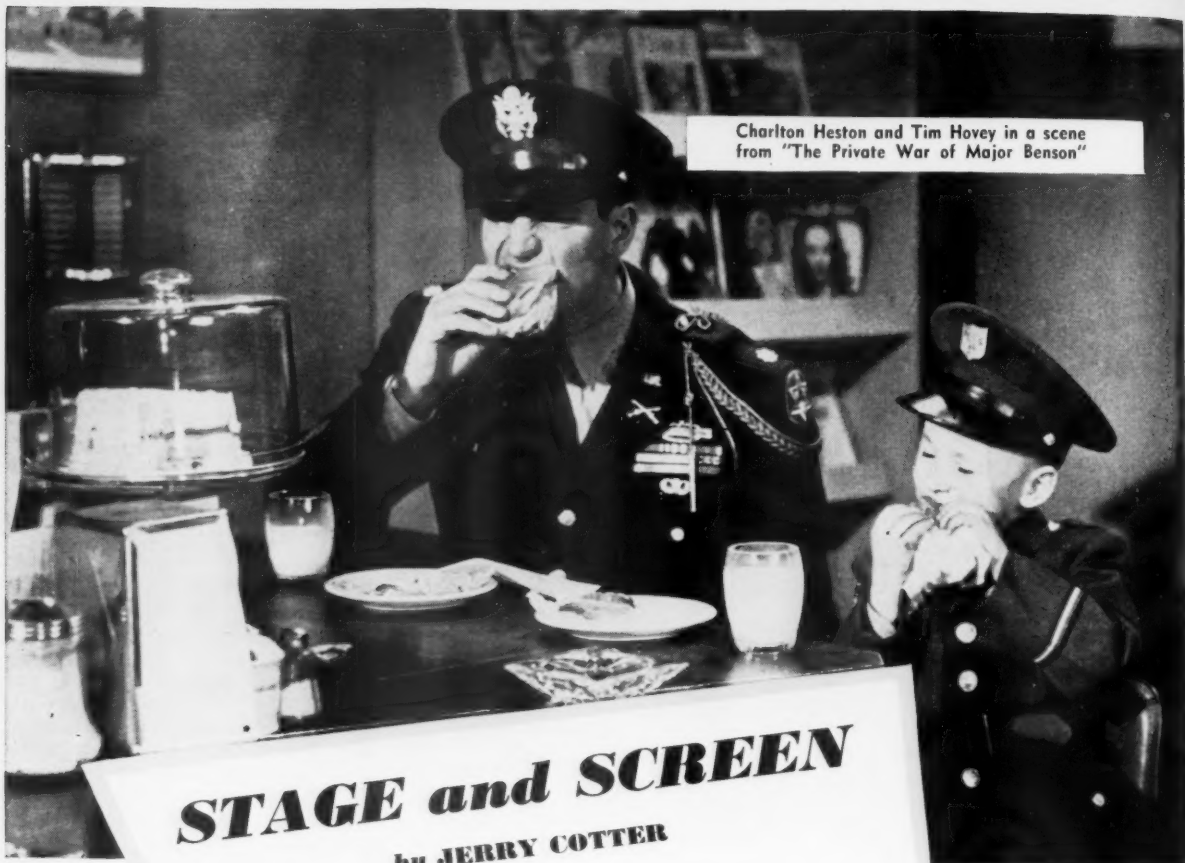
"Second base?" he would say, beaming sunnily. "Welcome, welcome! Let me take your bags." And a bewildered salad dressing salesman would find his hand pumped violently.

If there'd been one first-class second baseman in camp, of course, the others wouldn't have been around. They all recognized that fact and their deficiencies worried them, though Ambler wasn't going to confess his doubts. There was another who couldn't conceal his. He worried all the time, about the competition, about his chances of earning a living for his family.

The disposition to brood remained with him on the field. He opened the season as a regular, played a few games, then made an error at a crucial moment. He stood drooping with dejection, ignoring the ball that lay just a few yards behind him, while runs pattered across the plate.

Connie got him out of there at once, and everybody knew the young man had made his last play for the Athletics. He was popular with everybody on the club, but the real big leaguers had no words of sympathy.

"He has only himself to blame," they said. "The least you can do is hustle."



Charlton Heston and Tim Hovey in a scene from "The Private War of Major Benson"

STAGE and SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

Rough Stuff

THE charge that Hollywood has gone overboard in the matter of violence should surprise no one, least of all those concerned with the actual production of motion pictures. Yet, when British officialdom, our own Legion of Decency, and the State Department ask for less brutality, less savagery, less sadism, and less violent display in the Hollywood product, a chorus of indignant, outraged denials floods the press wires. Responsible officials in India, England, Belgium, Ireland, and many South American countries are frankly appalled at the dabbling in sadism and brutality which characterizes so many American-made movies. Even in the Scandinavian countries, where erotic movies and scenes are acceptable, the blood-paths of Hollywood are viewed with dismay.

Our State Department recently felt impelled to ask that violence be toned down so that the world audience will not get too "savage a portrait of Americans." Clergymen and teachers, who have been waging their own battles in the field of juvenile crime, are also protesting. So are the exhibitors, who feel the pinch at the box-office and know that the public is fed up with unbridled brutality, the repeated violations of good taste, and often incitement to crime which far too many current films feature.

Every competent observer of the motion picture scene realizes, and admits, that a large percentage of the Hollywood output is acceptable, if not entirely above reproach

but that neither compensates nor excuses pictures like *The Blackboard Jungle* or *The Seven-Year Itch* or any of the countless other objectionable features. A certain degree of violent action may well be necessary in the development of a crime story or a mystery, but dabbling in depravity is neither good drama, smart public relations, nor conducive to an improvement of national moral standards. Hollywood has a vital stake in all three.

Reviews in Brief

THE PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON is a rollicking, family-style comedy dealing with the awkward readjustment of a blustering Army officer, assigned to train ROTC cadets in a military academy. The pint-sized trainees and the serene nuns who run the school confound the towering Major, who is used to bawling orders and having them obeyed pronto. When he carries his tactics over to the football field, the results are often hilarious. Charlton Heston is fine as the confused disciplinarian, Nana Bryant is an effective Mother Superior, and Julia Adams is attractive as the school doctor, but the real acting honors are tucked away by an amazing six-year-old, Tim Hovey, as the Major's principal adversary. Good fun all the way. (Universal-International)

Clark Gable, Susan Hayward, and the city of Hong Kong are billed as the principal attractions in **SOLDIER OF**

FORTUNE. I'll take Hong Kong. The stars rate a poor second against the competition provided by the Cinema-Scope camera, which vividly and beautifully captures the moods and turmoil of the fabulous island. When focused on scenes of harbor life or the teeming streets of the city, this is a fascinating affair. In spelling out the reckless romance of an international hoodlum and a woman from the States seeking her husband, who is behind Red prison bars in China, the proceedings fall with a flat, amoral thud. The moral values are very much askew, and the adventuring belongs in the 1925 era when Fairbanks was in flower. Without story or stars, this would have made an absorbing travelogue. (20th Century-Fox)

Morton Thompson's best-seller, **NOT AS A STRANGER**, is the basis for a penetrating study of the medical world and the men who devote their lives to it. Some scenes are overly grim in depicting the surgical processes, and in one instance the director goes overboard on suggestiveness. Aside from these drawbacks, the film is exceptionally well produced, acted with sincerity, and basically interesting in its dissection of the medical profession. Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum, Charles Bickford, Gloria Grahame, Broderick Crawford, and Lon Chaney are the stars. Only for adults with cast-iron nerves. (United Artists)

Whatever amusing qualities the stage version of **THE SEVEN-YEAR ITCH** possessed have been eliminated in the movie approach to the comic problems of a summer bachelor. True, Tom Ewell again scores a distinct personal success in the role he created before the footlights, but most of the emphasis is unfortunately placed on his buxom co-star, Marilyn Monroe. In turn, she succeeds in transforming a brittle satire into a burlesque blackout. Despite the billboards, Miss Monroe is more of a detriment than an asset to this once-humorous idea. It is now merely cheap and suggestive. (20th Century-Fox)

THE COBWEB has elements of fine drama and an exceptionally strong cast to interpret a variety of offbeat characters. Though it does stumble along the way, there is sufficient dramatic voltage to sustain adult audience interest as patients, doctors, and staff members find their private worlds difficult and disturbing. Cross-currents and emotional

conflicts on both sides of the psychiatric fence are strikingly framed, with the patients often emerging more attractive than their healers. Richard Widmark and Lillian Gish are magnificent pacers for a cast which also includes Charles Boyer, Gloria Grahame, Lauren Bacall, John Kerr, Fay Wray, and Susan Strasberg. (M-G-M)

Joan Crawford and Jeff Chandler have a rather trashy episode to enact in **FEMALE ON THE BEACH**, a drama in which the subterranean moral tone is matched by an almost complete lack of artistic integrity, acting skill, or story value. Miss Crawford's perennial career is not helped, nor is the audience exactly edified, by a display such as this. (Universal-International)

ULYSSES, filmed in Italy, is a valiant attempt to bring the *Odyssey* to the screen, though not a completely successful one. Kirk Douglas in the title role is physically suited to its demands but never quite believable in the more complex passages. Nor is Silvana Mangano credible in her dual role of Penelope and Circe. In fact there is a static quality to the entire production which gives the viewer an impression that the adapters of Homer (Ben Hecht and Irwin Shaw are two of six writers who worked on the screenplay) were influenced by too many Errol Flynn adventures. (Paramount)

NIGHT OF THE HUNTER is a psychopathic study combined with a genuinely terrifying story of two children who first encounter evil in the form of an itinerant evangelist. Deemed a successful novel by those who prefer chills to thrills, the basic material is hardly suited to the screen. In a nightmarish mood, it follows the strange plight of a boy and his sister, who are guarding a treasure sought by a greedy, lustful camp-shouter. In the process there are several suggestive scenes and an unfortunate tendency to degrade matrimony. For these reasons, and because of the general morbidity of the theme, the film is not recommended. Lillian Gish proves once again that she is among our foremost actresses, while Robert Mitchum seems a perfect choice for the role of a lecherous psychopath. (United Artists)

Walt Disney's **DAVY CROCKETT**, whose fame and exploits have become legends of the playground set, transfers his area of operation from TV to the movie theaters with happy

★ Charles Boyer and Lillian Gish are members of the staff of a psychiatric clinic in "The Cobweb"



★ Fess Parker and Buddy Ebsen in a scene from the movie version of Walt Disney's "Davy Crockett"



results. The three *Disneyland* programs have been edited into one feature-length film, with Fess Parker in the title role and Buddy Ebsen as his partner. For the youngsters who missed the original programs this will be thrilling, and for those who did see them it is a wonderful chance for another session with the "King of the Wild Frontier." (Buena Vista)

The Mato Grosso, Brazil's deep, uncharted jungle, has fascinated men of adventure and exploration for centuries. Many of its mysteries remain locked away in the dense and forbidding area. An Italian film company has just released a documentary of the region, a graphic and vivid foray entitled **GREEN MAGIC**. Filmed in the Ferraniacolor process, the documentary unveils the highlights of a 7800-mile trip through the jungle and swamp, over the Andes from Rio de Janeiro to Lima, Peru. Scenically, and as a record of the people who live in this vast, undeveloped land, the production is a superb achievement. To detail the highlights would require pages, to recommend it one need only say: "See it!" (IFE)

THE SHRIKE is a watered version of the play which won critical acclaim on Broadway. In this interpretation, the script concentrates on a soap-opera approach to a psychiatric problem. The result never rises above the commonplace. Jose Ferrer and June Allyson portray an estranged couple, brought together after he has attempted suicide and is placed in the observation ward of a hospital. Her aggressive efforts to control his career had led to the breakup of their marriage. Now he is faced with the decision of regaining his freedom only if he agrees to be placed in her "custody." A drama for mature audiences only, it is acted with some conviction by the stars, but even they cannot overcome the serious deficiencies in the adaptation and the static nature of the motivations. (Universal-International)

Venice, with its familiar tourist attractions and its lesser-known beauties, is the principal lure in **SUMMERTIME**, an adaptation of the Arthur Laurents' play *Time of the Cuckoo*. This is the story of an American school teacher (Katharine Hepburn) on vacation, who falls in love with a middle-aged Italian, then learns that he is married and the father of a large family. As in the play, the script fails to make the necessary moral distinctions, never shows a basic understanding of the sacredness of marriage, and doesn't arouse sympathy for the principal characters. Miss Hepburn emotes with a vengeance, and Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin do what they can in her shadow. It isn't quite enough. (United Artists)

WE'RE NO ANGELS suffers a bit from conventional Hollywood approaches. The whimsical and amusing play, *My Three Angels*, has lost a good deal of realism and charm in the transition to the screen, but a sufficient amount of adult appeal remains to classify this as above-average fare. Three convicts escape from their Devil's Island retreat, invade the home of a harassed Cayenne merchant, and proceed to set his life in order. Whimsy in the grand style, it is dependent to a considerable degree on the players. While this band of troupers is less inspiring than the stage mimes, Humphrey Bogart, Peter Ustinov, Joan Bennett, Aldo Ray, Leo Carroll, and Basil Rathbone carry the major acting chores with a fair degree of conviction. Keeping your tongue in cheek helps considerably. (Paramount)

THIS ISLAND EARTH is above par for the science-fiction course, an imaginative outer-world thriller which doesn't lose complete touch with reality. The special color effects and the high degree of suspense maintained throughout the picture give the interplanetary shenanigans a semblance of

conviction. Jeff Morrow, Rex Reason, and Faith Domergue are adequate in this pulp-magazine melodrama suitable for the credulous from eight to eighty. (Universal-International)

The Current Plays

ANKLES AWEIGH is the sort of musical comedy romp which lost its audience approximately twenty years ago. It is feeble and puerile, badly written, practically tuneless, with its purported humor stemming from an antiquated, Minsky-style gag. Had this been a satire, it might pass muster, but the producers refuse to rate it as such, so it must be judged on its meager merit. Jane and Betty Kean, a brash team of slapstick comedienness, try hard to keep it afloat, but even they must take to the lifeboats quite early in the voyage.

Nancy Walker, a slouchy, brassy humorist with a sledgehammer approach to comedy, accounts for most of the laughs in **PHOENIX 55**, a topical revue satirizing the life we live. Basing its material on a recent *Fortune Magazine* survey—The Changing American Scene—the show is breezy, surprisingly clean, occasionally bright, and often clever. Unfortunately, its sharpest moments are to be found in an expert satire of Murrow's *Person to Person*, a sketch which pulls the rug from under Edward R.'s pomposity but at the same time mishandles a theme involving a couple whose seventeen years of marriage has produced twenty-seven children.

Playguide

FOR ADULTS:

Anastasia; Three for Tonight; Tea-house of the August Moon; The Boy Friend; Witness for the Prosecution; The Desperate Hours; (On Tour) The King and I; Solid Gold Cadillac

PARTLY

OBJECTIONABLE:

Anniversary Waltz; Damn Yankees; the Wind; The Seven-Year Itch; The Bad Seed; Comedy in Music; Silk Stockings; Ankles Aweigh; Bus Stop (On Tour) Kismet; The Tender Trap

COMPLETELY

OBJECTIONABLE:

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof; Can-Can; Fanny; Seventh Heaven; The Pajama Game; Tea and Sympathy; Lunatics and Lovers (On Tour) Dear Charles

★ *Peter Ustinov, Gloria Talbott, Aldo Ray, and Humphrey Bogart shown in "We're No Angels"*



THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Non-Christian Marriage

I've always thought a Catholic may not marry an unbaptized person. Are we permitted to marry pagans, such as Jews?—J. B., NEW MILFORD, N. J.



By members of various religions, the terms "heathen," "pagan," "infidel" are understood and applied variously to those of religions other than their own. For example, in the days of the Crusades, it was quite the vogue for the Moslems to rate all Christians as infidels. Loosely speaking, we understand by heathens or pagans those who do not belong to the Christian, Jewish, or Moslem religions. Any convinced believer would be likely to consider an unbeliever an infidel. In Christian circles, that term bespeaks the unbaptized person. But a Catholic who has lapsed from the Faith becomes an infidel.

In the case of a Catholic who plans to marry a baptized non-Catholic, the impediment is known as that of "mixed religion." If the non-Catholic party be unbaptized, the impediment is that of "disparity of cult." Neither kind of mixed marriage is to be encouraged; the impediments are intended as a discouraging factor. However, in order to avoid worse evils attributable to the weakness of human nature, the Church grants a dispensation, but only under strict conditions. In fact, unless there be due safeguards for the Faith of the Catholic party and of all offspring, any such marriage is forbidden both by the Church and by divine law. And from the divine law the Church cannot dispense. With due safeguards, a Catholic may obtain a dispensation to marry an unbaptized person. But such a marriage—although valid—is not sacramental: even the Catholic party does not receive the sacramental grace of matrimony.

Miracles à la TV

For some time, have been watching a TV program conducted by an evangelist—Oral Roberts. This minister professes and teaches no certain faith. But during the program, incurable ailments are completely cured. Is this a case of real miracles?—D. W., HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

At shrines such as Lourdes, and in connection with the beatification and canonization of saints, miracles are recognized as such only after exhaustive investigations by medical, surgical, and psychiatric experts—both Catholic and non-Catholic. If the apparent cures which you have described were real, we would have heard more of this "wonder-worker" from the medical profession. With certain types of ailment, it is not too difficult for a capable mesmerist to bring about some apparent improvement, at least temporarily, especially if the patient be highly susceptible to hypnotic influence or highly hysterical—in the scientific sense of that term.

Even though this minister acknowledges that the cures are worked—not by himself—but by Jesus, it does not follow that God is the ultimate Wonderworker. Rather, it follows

that He is not. A genuine miracle is so wonderful as to be explainable only by divine intervention. The Author of Nature can cause miraculous effects either directly, or indirectly through the instrumentality of a creature. But, as is evident from sacred history, He does so intervene in order to certify to some divine truth or other—to reassure us divinely. For example—"that you may know the son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins. He then said to the man sick of the palsy: Arise—take up thy bed . . ." (Matt. 9:6) In this case, the minister professes no definite religion. Therefore, the God of Truth would not, could not, vouch for his preaching by the divine credentials called miracles.

Where and How?

I have been taught that the punishment of hell is both mental and physical and that purgatory is similar. But since the souls in purgatory are without their bodies, how can they suffer physically? Where are hell and heaven?—P. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

It is a point of Catholic Faith, based upon the Sacred Scriptures and equally sacred Tradition, that the eternal punishments of hell are both physical and psychological. The worst possible feature of damnation is the "pain of loss"—the eternal deprivation of God and heaven. That there is also a physical factor, as a feature of eternal punishment, is a matter of Faith, although the Church has not defined the precise nature of this external agent which afflicts the condemned and which is usually referred to as "fire." In purgatory, all punishments are, of course, only temporary.

As St. Thomas Aquinas explains, it is fitting that Divine Justice punish the unfaithful in two ways. When a person ends his state of probation in an attitude of grave sin, his guilt is twofold. Of his own accord, he has spurned God and, in so doing, has shown his preference for some creature—a thing, a place, or a person. Logically, he is condemned to the loss of God—the sinner's own choice—and to annoyance by some created element.

The physical fire of hell does not affect the human body until after its reunion with the soul. It stands to reason that the fire of hell must differ from fire as we know it, within the earthbound limits of our experience. Or else the bodies of the condemned must be so conditioned as to be combustible without being consumed. To the Creator of all nature and its laws, that is no problem.

Since details have not been revealed to us, it is even more difficult to surmise just how physical fire can affect a soul—in hell or in purgatory. Because body and soul are natural partners, it is quite possible that the soul experiences repugnance—torment, even—at being surrounded by a physical agent so harmful and painful to its natural partner. By the Council of Trent, we have been warned against unprofitable speculation. What the Judge of the living and the dead has revealed should suffice by way of sanction.

Heaven, purgatory, and hell are places as well as conditions or states of happiness and unhappiness. Definite places are called for even by souls as well as by bodies. In terms of latitude and longitude, we do not know the

location of those places. But as St. John Chrysostom remarked rather pertly, in reference to hell, to avoid it is of more consequence than to determine its whereabouts.

Three at Once

a) *Are we permitted by the Church to donate our eyes, after death, for the benefit of the blind? b) May a girl enter church without a hat? c) Is it sinful to attend a movie classified as "objectionable in part?"*—C. N., ELMHURST, N. Y.

a) Yes—with a view to a cornea transplant. For reliable details, consult the Catholic Guild for the Blind, in your diocese located at 191 Joralemon St., Brooklyn 2.

b) In ordinary circumstances, this should not be done. But the lack of headdress would not justify your bypassing a serious obligation, such as Sunday or holyday Mass, an urgent sacramental confession, Paschal Communion. Ingenuity would suggest a kerchief or the like—a substitute every bit as effective as much accepted millinery.

c) Is it not sinful to step unnecessarily into a probable occasion of sin? A movie rated "B" by the Legion of Decency is considered by a board of competent judges as "morally objectionable in part, for all." Even though only 5 per cent of a movie were at issue, even though the running time of the 5 per cent were only ten minutes—that is more than enough time for a serious occasion of sin.

At the present time, there is an especial need of fidelity to the Legion of Decency pledge. Writers, producers, and advertisers have been backsliding. Against this trend we have been alerted by our National Legion of Decency. Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles has declared: "The obligation to stay away from entertainment that is a danger to one's moral life is binding in conscience." Because of the current "epidemic," we have been reminded of our obligation to follow the Church's moral directions in entertainment by the Holy Father's own Commission for Films, Radio, and Television.

Faith, Morals, Worship

I can see why religion ought to call for certain basic things, like reverence for God, honesty among men, and the like. But, over the centuries, it has become too complicated for comfort. I find religion as it is organized today too burdensome.—M. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Religion as it should be organized and as it is organized in Catholic Christianity is, indeed, complex. But when we consider all the angles that are part and parcel of well-balanced religion, it is clear that any man-made attempt to abbreviate or streamline religion would be disastrous. God would not be duly honored; thereby, man would frustrate himself.

The necessary structure of religion is based upon the following facts. We are related to God as our Creator; we depend upon Him for what we are and hope to be, for what we have and ever hope to have. Because we are intelligent and free creatures, God has shared with us His own knowledge of Himself and of us. By His revelation, He has enlightened human reason and encouraged the co-operation of our free will. The gist of that divine education is that men, women, and children are not merely pupils, housewives, tradesmen, and the like. Our destiny is to be children of God, heirs to an eternal heaven. To deserve that destiny is the most worthwhile success; not to deserve it, the worst possible tragedy. To attain that destiny, we have to invest our time, attention, and abilities along religious lines.

In practical detail, we must have toward God certain religious attitudes of mind and heart; we have to manifest those attitudes by word and conduct. To our Creator we owe adoration and gratitude, we owe reparation and an

appeal for our wants of body and soul. We have to believe everything He has revealed to us; we must obey all His commandments; we should worship Him as He has dictated. Briefly, the quality of our faith, morals, and worship is the spirit level of our normality before God.

It is obvious that the Almighty would have been shockingly improvident had He not provided us with the guidance of divine revelation and with an infallible Church to interpret that revelation. Whoever doubts the need of either divine help would do well to scan the series on world religions being featured in the magazine *Life*. History exemplifies that, without infallible guidance, religions grope in the dark and disintegrate. So-called pagan religions are a farce; Judaism, even at its best, lacks the divine complement of Christianity; Protestant Christianity is adrift, like a ship without compass and rudder—it is a religion of private interpretation, of personal whim and fancy.

No matter what his religion, every humble, honest person admits his need of being taught, ruled, and sanctified. But to be sure that our faith, morals, and worship are acceptable to God, we need the assurance of infallible guidance. The comfort you speak of should be a comfort of soul based upon security. Hence, we cannot complain that religion as organized by God is complicated to the extent of being burdensome. Without due organization, the children of God upon earth would be a worldful of juvenile delinquents.

Too Young?

I am fourteen years old. I hope to be a priest and want to start now. My mother takes my part, but my father says I am too young—that I can't know my own mind.—O. M., BUFFALO, N. Y.



In this country alone, thousands of boys of your age leave home—at least for the school year—and enter the "minor" or junior seminaries, which provide candidates for the priesthood with the usual high school and college courses. These junior seminaries are not only approved but urged upon us by the Vicar of Christ. So it can hardly be that most boys of your age cannot or do not "know their own minds."

Long experience has demonstrated the superiority of a high school or college course under Catholic auspices. For that very reason, many non-Catholic sects maintain private schools under religious auspices. Similarly, we would expect and we do find especially beneficial results when such schooling is taken by candidates for the priesthood, in a setting adapted to their predominant ambition in life. Day in and day out, over the years, the candidates are molded as they can be in no other setting.

The purpose of any seminary—major or minor—is twofold: to give the staff an opportunity to judge the fitness of candidates and to give the aspirants an opportunity to "find themselves," to "know their own minds beyond reasonable doubt."

It is the estimate of a vocational expert that, in this country, we would have about a thousand more priests annually, were it not for the fact that so many are persuaded by well-meaning but incompetent, shortsighted advisers to postpone the preliminary steps. In the case of any aspirant to the religious life or the priesthood, what could be more illogical than to urge that he or she spend another four years or more amid so many semipagan surroundings?

To enter a preparatory seminary at your age, you need parental consent. It goes without saying that you should have the advice and approval of a confessor who knows you thoroughly. Why not arrange to have your parents consult your spiritual adviser?

BOOKS

HANNIBAL OF CARTHAGE

By Mary Dolan.
Macmillan.

308 pages.
\$3.75

That Hannibal of Carthage crossed the Alps with his elephant corps during the Second Punic War and fought the Romans in Italy for sixteen years is, of course, common knowledge. Why and where and how he went over the "High Pillars," as he referred to the Alps, is still being debated by historians, however.

The facts behind Hannibal's expeditions are few, opinions many. No less puzzling is his character, called as he was by the Romans "*Dirus Hannibal*." What we know of him and the Punic Wars has come down to us from a somewhat biased Roman point of view. Yet there was a Greek freedman, Sosylos, who served with Hannibal and kept a journal of the march from Spain to Italy. Unfortunately his account is lost.

With the thought that Sosylos' manuscript would correct certain Roman interpretations of the General and would demonstrate the gallantry of the Phoenicians, Mary Dolan has based her historical novel on an imagined version of what the Greek scribe recorded. Her grasp of military tactics and her ability to paint all of Hannibal's decisive battles are of particular interest, as are her explanations of Fabius' strategy and Scipio's thrusts against the Carthaginians.

This modern, full-length portrait of one of the greatest military geniuses of all times, though fictional, is an admirable blend of scrupulous scholarship, careful conjecture, and narrative technique. Amplified with just a dash of romance, *Hannibal of Carthage* is a thoroughly satisfying novel.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

THE SAINT OF THE ATOM BOMB

By Joseph Schilliger.
Newman.

144 pages.
\$2.50

The saint of the title is Dr. Paul Nagai, scientist, patriot, and Catholic, who—as a dying man, stricken with leukemia—assisted the wounded after the atom

bomb dropped on his native Nagasaki. The Doctor, for many years before 1945, conducted a famous X-ray clinic in his native town. It was one of his own X-ray pictures that spotted the creeping death within him.

But when the Atom bomb shattered his island, killing, among others, his own wife, Doctor Nagai worked night and day, with the strength of the dedicated. Afterward, a small bamboo hut was the scene of his retirement from the active world—and the scene of his greatest contemplative triumphs. For, on his long-drawn-out deathbed of four years, the Doctor produced twenty volumes of inspiring writings—books which sold widely, earned a citation from the Pope and a personal visit from the Emperor.

There is no question about the saintliness of Dr. Nagai. One question which does occur, when reading of the murderous destruction of the A-bomb, is: Why did it have to fall on one of the most Catholic territories in all Japan? But Dr. Nagai, in the fullness of his soul, has the answer to that, too: "It was Providence," he says, "that guided the bomb here . . . Catholic and consecrated (Nagasaki) was chosen and privileged to burn on the altar of expiation for the war-time crimes of the Second World War . . . other cities were destroyed, but they were not acceptable before God . . . the Church that kept pure the faith . . . pleased Him as a victim, and He was appeased."

Dr. Nagai is saying that martyrdom must be deserved and that his own native city was deserving. So too was the Doctor, who died in 1953. And, one might add, this excellent study, written in a poetic mood which does justice to the subject, is also deserving of a reading by all men interested in the art of achieving sanctity.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY.

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT

By Sloan Wilson.
Simon & Schuster.

304 pages.
\$3.50

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit is the story of Tom Rath, who is back from World War II hoping to live a normal life from that point on, only to find the peace-time world hardly more secure than war. It has learned nothing, it seems, from war, except to forget by

dedicating itself to tinsel, to amusements that should not amuse, and to other artificial activities which are defended because men make a living thereby.

What Tom wants is natural and good, a home, time to enjoy his family, and money enough to send his children to college, and what he doesn't want is equally clear. He doesn't want a job that keeps him away from his family week-ends and nights or that consists in streamlining a Great Man who has been created and kept going by the new science of public relations, and who, every now and then, must be given a shot of penicillin. It isn't easy, and, though Tom tries to think his way through life, he narrowly misses being drawn into this world.

Though this is a novel of manners in the Marquand tradition, it is, in no way, derivative. It is Rath's own experience objectified and so transformed into art. It is sturdy and honest in its point of view, and, though making no reference to religious and moral values, the author has structured these values in his story. There is no artificial heightening in characterization or plot. The past catches up with the present, and Tom, seeing he will never be the same again and that he can not change the wrong he has done, is still willing to shoulder the responsibilities he had taken on himself in the stress of war.

The story is told with quiet sobriety, and the incidents, though carefully constructed, do not seem exaggerated and very rarely take on the mood of satire.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

THE CARMELITE

By Elgin Groseclose.
Macmillan.

285 pages.
\$3.75

Names chiseled on a worn gravestone in an Italian church, a shadowy portrait on a monastery wall—with these for impetus, Elgin Groseclose has matched imagination to scholarship and fashioned a fine historical novel. It is a story of rival cultures and faiths, of a Persian Shah confronted by a Carmelite monk, of a Cir-



E. Groseclose



enjoy

"a masterpiece of suspense"

Detroit News

"the suspense story of the year"

Portland (Me.) Telegram

"a refreshingly different book"

Honolulu Star-Bulletin

"a thrilling suspense novel"

Catholic News (N. Y.)

THE FIVE DEVILS OF KILMAINHAM

By Esther Morgan McCullough

"... a combination story of tender love and of eerie crime calculated to give the reader the shivers. She knows the Irish and their village life and she has the authentic lilt of their speech." (*Houston Chronicle*.) "Can be recommended without qualification." (*Buffalo Courier-Express*.)

\$3.75 at your bookseller's or

COLEY TAYLOR, INC. Publishers Porter's Landing, Freeport, Maine

The Sign

Order Subscriptions Now —

For Yourself, or Someone Else

The SIGN, Room 108, Sign Bldg., Union City, N. J.

Enter a subscription for: ☐ One year \$3.00 (Foreign: Add 50¢ per year.)
☐ Two Years or ☐ Two 1-Year Subs \$5.00.

Name

Address

City Zone State

(If above is for gift subscription, please fill in following:

☐ Send gift card to me ☐ Send gift card directly, signed.....

MY NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

As a Gift



USE

THIS

HANDY

FORM

TODAY!



Grow authentic, LIVE dwarf trees!
Fascinating hobby! Fabulous profit!

GROW MINIATURE TREES

SEND FOR FREE SEED & INFORMATION!

MINIATURE NURSERY CLUB

Dept. F-8, P.O. Box 8794,
Los Angeles 8, Calif.

**YOU
MAKE
\$50**

**CATHOLIC CHRISTMAS
CARDS**

Make \$50 for yourself, Sodality,
Club, or School selling 100 boxes
finest Religious Catholic Christ-
mas Cards. Other fast money makers.
Stationery, Novelties, Imprints, etc.

**RUSH
COUPON**

For SAMPLES on approval

ROBINSON CARDS

DEPT. B-64

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Monroe FOLDING BANQUET TABLES



If you are on the Kitchen Committee of some
Church, Club, School, etc., in your town you
will be interested in this modern Folding Ban-
quet Table. Write for Catalog and special dis-
counts to institutions and organizations.

MONROE CO 283 CHURCH ST. COLFAX, IOWA

WANTED JEWELRY

We buy old or broken Jewelry. Highest cash
paid immediately. Mail us gold teeth, watches,
rings, diamonds, silverware, eyeglasses, old
gold, silver, platinum, etc. Satisfaction guaran-
teed or your articles returned. We are licensed
gold buyers. Write for FREE information.

ROSE REFINERS

29-AB East Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

cassian princess sought by an English knight. It entertains. It edifies. It has dash and color.

Its hero, Fray Juan of St. Elisaeus, is sent by Pope Clement VIII on a triple mission to the Shah of Persia. He is to get Abbas' help against the all-devouring Ottoman empire, protection for Christian Armenians in Persia, and is to start a Catholic center in Isfahan.

The study of a brilliant, oriental despot faced with the meaning and disciplines of Christianity, be he Scott's Saladin or Anna's King of Siam, is an ideal protagonist for an exciting book. Groseclose develops Abbas to his fullest dramatic possibilities—never, however, stooping to sensationalism, no matter how big the harem or dark his revenge. Beside Abbas stands the amazon princess, Shamala, and Sir Robert Sherley, who possesses an old-school-tie rectitude that verges on parody. Above them all is the missionary, Fray Juan, austere, anguished, valiant.

Its publishers call *The Carmelite*: "a substantial, historical novel of seven-teenth-century Persia, rich in detail, coloring, and mood." It is as good an appraisal as the craftsmanship that contributes to its success.

CLOREDA CLARKE.

THE TRUSTING AND THE MAIMED

By James Plunkett.
Devin-Adair.

220 pages.
\$3.00

Now that the stories of James Plunkett (heretofore known only to readers of Irish periodicals) have been collected, he is bound to be compared with the James Joyce of *Dubliners*, which, in subject matter and in certain obvious influence of tone and style, *The Trusting and the Maimed* resembles. Mr. Plunkett, however, is a fascinating writer who gives evidence of having his own terms. He has not, however, quite laid them down as yet.

The ten pieces in this collection are, for the most part, sketches rather than stories. The author creates characters—wonderful, poignant, often gauche, and always moving—plunks them down into situations that are often obviously contrived, then gets them out lamely. He is also addicted to a heavy-handed symbolism, sometimes substituted for focus (as in the title story) and sometimes even for denouement. (In "Janey Mary" the child sent out begging by a cruel parent is stepped on in a crowd, and—presto!—there, for a finish, is "the print of the nails" on her feet.)

Despite these faults (which many a hack avoids), Mr. Plunkett holds the writer's trump card: he is deeply involved with his people—children frustrated and beleaguered by adults; office workers trapped by unmanaging rou-

times; an adolescent coming to grips with an economically harsh world; a music teacher crowded out by the narrowness of a community; an aging pensioner discarded in his decline; outlaws holed up against inevitable destruction; a shell-shocked "old soldier" ridiculed by society.

Hares in a hounding world, these are people to weep for, and Mr. Plunkett makes the reader weep. Given focus, (real focus—not phony, trumped-up symbolism) they might be people to be angry over, or despairing of, but the author is more bitter than angry, more humorless than despairing—more provocative than powerful.

Stature, in writers, begins with content. With James Plunkett it seems a case, not of its absence, but of its failure, thus far, to emerge. When it does, we may have a major talent on our hands.

CLARE POWERS.

THE FOUR RIVERS OF PARADISE

By Helen C. White
Macmillan.

216 pages.
\$3.50

By definition, the historical novel imposes a double burden upon the writer, for, though you certainly can get real literature that way, what you're most apt to get is either a bookclubbish bonanza that twists history to its broadly romantic purposes or a soundly textbookish effort that stifles the very characters who would give it fictional life.

In *The Four Rivers of Paradise*, Helen C. White has fallen into the latter trap. Concerned with the fall of the Roman Empire, this novel takes its focus from the young Christian, Hilary, heir to a Gallian fortune, whom circumstance rather patly saves from the destruction both of his native Bordeaux and of the glorious Rome to which his youthful yearnings originally lead him. Hilary is in Rome when the fall of Bordeaux wipes out his entire family; he is in Bethlehem when Rome is sacked. Eventually, seeking the meaning of his survival, he enters the priesthood, resolved to return to Bordeaux and rebuild upon the eternal foundations of Augustine's "City of God."

Miss White's theme—that it is only in recognizing this one everlasting standard that the survivors of a ruined civilization can hope to rebuild—is a profound and eminently Catholic one, and her novel is soundly constructed so that its conclusions, firmly and unequivocally stated, seem its logical denouement.



Helen C. White

But what is essentially an intellectual theme is handled on intellectual terms, and in fiction that's fatal. Hilary is little more than a mouthpiece for the author, the figure through whom her thesis can be worked out against a historical background into which (perhaps because of Miss White's absorption with time and place) he can never really enter as a living, breathing part. Hilary (like the reader) stands against the vivid backdrop of ancient Rome, never quite getting inside. Worse, no one gets inside Hilary, himself, or inside the other one-dimensional characters.

The net effect is solid history, sane philosophy—and dull fiction.

CLARE POWERS.

THE MISTLETOE AND SWORD

By Anya Seton.
Doubleday.

253 pages.
\$2.50

Last year Doubleday originated a new series of original works of fiction for the younger generation. These Cavalcade Books, as they are called, are being written by authors of established reputation, and each volume is meant to portray "the colorful people or outstanding events in some particular century through the medium of an exciting story."

After two false starts (Frank Slaughter's *Apalachee Gold* and Frank Yerby's *Bride of Liberty*) and two or three other novels somewhat disappointing, this teen-age series at last has a worthwhile work. From the author of the best selling *Katherine* comes this story of Roman Britain.

The narrative is built around a superstitious quest of Quintus Tullius, a nineteen-year-old Standard Bearer serving in Britain. In his search for the burial place of his great-grandfather, slain 114 years before by the Druids, he meets sixteen-year-old Regan, beautiful and mysterious foster daughter of Boadicea, the Warrior Queen of the Iceni. Quintus and Regan interest one another, of course; possibly their affection is a bit overworked for a Cavalcade novel. All in all, however, *The Mistletoe and Sword* is commendable. Not only is it of historical interest, but it is capable of whetting the reading appetite of most any teen-ager.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

PIERRE TOUSSAINT

Arthur & Elizabeth Sheehan.

Kenedy.

257 pages.
\$3.50

The subject of this book was a Negro slave born in Haiti, who by sheer force



Anya Seton

STORIES FROM GOD'S HOLY BOOK,

By Josephine Looney

A sound basic knowledge of the Bible is given by these carefully selected, skilfully retold stories from the Old and New Testament presented for children of preschool age and early grades. Dramatic Old Testament events such as the rebellion of Lucifer, the Creation, the fall of man, David and Goliath catch the interest of the child, as the story of the Nativity and Boyhood of Christ, and scenes from His public life, arouse his love. Exciting color illustrations and 15 black-and-whites on perforated pages to be removed and colored by the child.

136 pp., \$1.25

Extra sets of the pictures to be colored, \$1.00.

Order from your bookstore
or directly from Dept. 4-2220

ST. ANTHONY GUILD PRESS

PATERSON 3, N. J.

Select Books

Hey, You! A Call to Prayer

By Rev. Michael Hollings. A virile, blunt and challenging appeal to the average layman to really do something about prayer—both private and public. The first section of the book deals with the why and wherefore of prayer; the second with the example of prayer in the liturgy and the Mass. \$2.00

The Saint of the Atom Bomb

By Josef Schilliger, trans. by David Helmann. This absorbing, true story of Dr. Paul Nagai, the Japanese scientist, patriot, and Catholic who was caught by the atomic blast in Nagasaki in 1945, is a compelling account of human courage and saintly sacrifice. \$2.50

The Christian Imagination Studies in Religious Thought

By Justus George Lawler, with an Introduction by Rev. John M. Oesterreicher. Vigorous essays discussing vital aspects of Catholic thought that have deep significance for present-day men. \$3.00

Treasure Untold Reflections on the Apostles' Creed

By Rev. Albert J. Shamon. A point-by-point analysis of each article of the Apostles' Creed. The many lessons drawn from it are brought home by pleasant anecdotes and simple explanations that will appeal to everyone. \$3.50

Wherever good books are sold
THE NEWMAN PRESS
Westminster, Maryland

If & WHEN You Move
Please Remember to Send
Your Old AND New Address
to THE SIGN



AFRICA

Needs priests
Serve God in this
special field

Write for
information of
the Society of
African Missions
Rev. Director
of Vocations
Queen of
Apostles Seminary
Deham, Mass.

Do You Want To Be A TEACHING BROTHER?

The Brothers of Christian Instruction (F.I.C.)
devote themselves to teaching in Grammar
School, High School and College. For in-
formation address:

Brother George La Mennais College, Alfred, Maine
Brother Director Mount Assumption Institute
Pittsburgh, N. Y.

CHRIST'S MEDICAL CORPSMEN

THE MISSION OF NURSING THE SICK IS ESPE-
CIALLY CHRISTLIKE. Young Men, YOU may at-
tain to personal holiness and help to save souls
by embracing the life of a HOSPITALIER
BROTHER.

Write: Director of Vocations
Hospitalier Brothers of St. John of God,
Western Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

BENEDICTINE MONASTERY

If you seek God and desire to serve Him, as a
Brother or Priest, in a monastery which stresses
and exemplifies the oneness of all men in Christ,
write to:

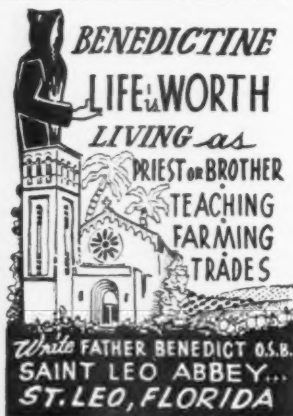
Director of Vocations
St. Maur's Priory
South Union, Kentucky

YOU...



As an ALEXIAN BROTHER can be a Fol-
lower of Christ in the oldest religious
nursing order of men. Professionally and
technically skilled Brothers staff every
department of their own modern hospi-
tals. Illustrated booklet, MODERN SAMAR-
ITANS, sent free. Write today:

ALEXIAN BROTHERS VOCATIONAL DIRECTOR
1240 W. Belden Avenue, Chicago 14, Ill.



Write FATHER BENEDICT O.S.B.
SAINT LEO ABBEY...
ST. LEO, FLORIDA

of character became a legendary figure
in the early history of New York City.
As the authors state: "If ever a man
was mysterious, Pierre Toussaint was.
From what we can see, there is no ac-
counting for him."

Toussaint arrived in New York City
in 1787 with his French masters, the
Berards, who had left old Saint Domi-
nique to escape the oncoming terror of
a bloody revolt. At the urging of Mon-
sieur Berard, Toussaint learned the
hairdresser's trade. When ill fortune be-
fell the Berards, it was their slave's
earnings which supported them for over
twenty years. While engaged in his
occupation, Toussaint became the
friend and confidant of some of the
most distinguished families in New
York. His unassuming corporal and
spiritual works of mercy for more than
half a century were remarkable.

Those who knew Pierre found it
difficult to indicate the impression he
created upon them. All speak of his ex-
quisite courtesy and faith but the aura
of saintliness surely must have been
present. Philip Schuyler of the famous
clan of that name said of Toussaint:
"I have known Christians who were
not gentlemen, gentlemen who were
not Christians—but one man I know
who is both—and that man is black!"

The husband and wife writing team
whose labor of love brought this ne-
glected story back for our times de-
serve commendation. This simply told,
discerning portrait of a dedicated Negro
who loved his fellow man, can do more
to aid the cause of interracial justice
than dozens of pretentious studies.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

THE RAIDERS

By William E. Wilson. 244 pages.
Rinehart. \$3.00

A meditative mayor,
given to early morning
walks by the river, is
hardly the one from
whom to expect a
speedy alarm when he
discovers that Confed-
erate raiders are land-
ing near his city.
Henry Clayburn, a
man of strong emotions but lacking in
decisiveness, personifies the political con-
fusion that beset many thinking men
during the Civil War. Doubt causes him
to procrastinate because "he did not
wholly believe in the rightness of war."
Henry knows too that his wife's Cousin
Stacey leads the raiders, but that he
himself stands more firmly with the
cause of the Union. By the time he
tells his wife and convenes the town
council, the telegraph has been wrecked
and all exits from the city blocked.
Events take their strange tortuous



W. E. Wilson

course as Henry succumbs to grief at
the news of his son's death in battle and
Cousin Stacey is fatally shot by a man
whose home had been plundered. When
the control of the situation seems almost
gone, Henry at last takes decisive action
as he rides out disguised as Col. Stacey
to get help from Federal troops in an-
other city. When he returns, the raiders
have vanished at reports of oncoming
troops and Henry's victory is purely a
moral one.

Col. Stacey's conversation in Henry's
drawing room exemplifies in a striking
way the sadness of men on opposite
sides of a war who discover many things
in which they agree. Mr. Wilson has
achieved a happy marriage of fast-paced
adventure with penetrating characteriza-
tion.

PAULA BOWES.

SHORT NOTICES

AMBASSADOR IN CHAINS. By
Bishop Raymond A. Lane. 249 pages.
Kenedy. \$3.50. This biography of
Bishop Patrick J. Byrne, Apostolic
Delegate to Korea, who died in a Com-
munist prison in that unfortunate coun-
try, is written by one who had had a
thirty-three-year acquaintance with him,
and who lived "next door" in Man-
churia for some years. Most Reverend
Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of
Maryknoll.

Japan, during and after the second
world war, is seen from their side as
we read of Father Byrne's experiences
and internment there, and of General
MacArthur's magnificent achievements
in winning Japan for democracy.

Climaxing the story of a great mis-
sioner is the account, taken from a few
survivors, of the Bishop's arrest in Seoul,
of the terrible Death March in com-
pany with hundreds of GI's and reli-
gious to a remote village in North
Korea, and his death on November 25,
1950, in the frozen wastes after months
of incredible suffering.

BISHOP OF THE WINDS. By Gabriel
Breynt, O.M.I. 266 pages. Kenedy.
\$3.75. It is not the art but the sub-
stance of Archbishop Breynt's auto-
biography that pleases. He himself
apologizes, "While I was living with
the Caribou Eaters, I set my hand to
the oar, whip, axe, or the handle of a
frying pan, far more often than I did
to a pen." But faults of style allow the
simplicity and truth of Archbishop
Breynt's life to shine forth ungarn-
ished.

Bishop of the Winds might be com-
pared to the *Jesuit Relations*. Here
too are dangers from savages and un-
tamed wilderness, here are ethnic and

historical data of real value, and here is the same thirst to spread the light of Christ until no soul is left in darkness. It is an inspiring tale, both for the first ten years among the Caribou Eaters in northern Saskatchewan and later as we follow the missionary by dog-sled, canoe, and snowshoe, or bi-plane over his vast vicariate straddling the Arctic Circle.

NEWS IS A SINGULAR THING. By Marguerite Higgins. 256 pages. Double-day. \$3.50. The *Herald-Tribune's* Pulitzer prize-winning journalist gives us the story of her thirty-four years, and an interesting tale it is. From her arrival in New York with little more than seven dollars and a healthy amount of ambition, to her Korean front page bylines, her story glows with courage, persistence, and a tremendous competitive spirit.

After proving her reportorial merit in Manhattan, Maggie received a coveted overseas assignment to Germany and eventually rose to the position of bureau chief of the Berlin office. Interesting, oftentimes amusing glimpses are given of her rivalry with Drew Middleton of the *Times* and of the means by which she gained some of her best exclusives during the Berlin airlift and the early stages of the cold war. Korea, of course, crowned her career, and the dramatic, first-hand information she gives concerning Communist tactics for world domination sounds more convincing than the "co-existence" theories of political wishful-thinkers.

All in all, this is a winning and warm book. Not afraid to admit that the luck of the Irish was with her on several crucial occasions, Miss Higgins was nevertheless distinguished, like most champions, by her ability to capitalize on good fortune and fashion a victory through sharp wits, courage, and a strong will to succeed.

CAPE COD'S WAY. By Scott Corbett. 310 pages. Crowell. \$3.95. To New Englanders, and to many New Yorkers as well, the Cape means only one thing—Cape Cod, a quaint playground area that combines the virtues of seashore and inland living. The Cape is all that; even more, it is a richly historical area, abounding in fascinating stories about some wonderful people. These stories, as with most Yankee yarns, lose nothing in the telling. Mr. Corbett has collected most of them and has arranged them town by town, so that each town has a self-contained chapter. It is a guide-book in depth, since Mr. Corbett strives to tell—and does so lovingly—the episodes that give a landmark its significance. Prefacing the local histories is a sprightly retelling of the history of the Cape as a whole from Colonial times to our own. Mr. Corbett is ob-

See YOURSELF As A PASSIONIST

As A
PRIEST
You Will:

Pray & Study
in Seminary
or Monastery,
Be Ordained,
Preach Mis-
sions, Retreats
As Missionary,
Home or Abroad



As A
BROTHER
You Will:

Pray & Work
in the Monas-
tery, Learn-
ing Trades
to help with
Monastery
supplies &
maintenance

For Complete Information, Write to:

Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.

Passionist Monastery
1901 West Street
Union City, New Jersey

If you live in any state
east of Ohio.

Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.

Passionist Monastery
5700 North Harlem Avenue
Chicago 31, Illinois

If you live in Ohio or
west of it.

PIARIST FATHERS

(Order of the Pious Schools)

Become a Priest and Teacher! Join the Piarist Fathers! The Order, founded by St. Joseph Calasanctius in 1597, is the first Teaching Order in the Church. They started the first free schools for everybody. The members of the Order make a special fourth vow to educate youth.

Write for further information to the

PIARIST FATHERS

P. O. Box 2096, Buffalo 5, N. Y.



SACRED HEART MISSIONARIES

welcome boys of high school and college age to apply for admission to their minor seminary and novitiate. Lack of funds is no obstacle. Spread the love of the Sacred Heart by teaching and preaching in the United States. Foreign mission work open to volunteers only. Young men, 18 to 35, who have no vocation to the priesthood, are eligible to join as Lay Brothers.

Address: Director of Vocations
Sacred Heart Mission Seminary, Geneva 7, Illinois.
(located 40 miles west of Chicago)



Brothers of Holy Cross

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Are you interested in dedicating your life to God as a Brother? The Brothers of Holy Cross engage in many activities: teaching, foreign missions, working with underprivileged boys, office work, printing, cooking, trades, farming, etc. For information write: Brother Hyacinth, C.S.C. or Brother Eymard, C.S.C. St. Joseph Juniorate or 218 Dujarie Hall Valatie 9, New York Notre Dame, Ind.



Franciscan Missionary
Brothers of the Sacred
Heart of Jesus

care for the needy, aged, afflicted and chronically ill. Nurse the sick and save souls. Whatever your talents are, they can be used to assist in this tremendously needed apostolate. Write to:

Rev. Brother Superior
St. Francis Monastery
Eureka, Mo.

YOUNG MEN NEEDED AS FRANCISCAN BROTHERS

Young men wishing to follow their Divine Master and interested in boarding school work or the rehabilitation of problem boys can obtain more information by writing to: Rev. Brother Provincial, Mt. Alverno, Cincinnati 5, Ohio.

YOU CAN WIN SOULS

For Christ as a Missionary Sister, nursing, Social Service, teaching catechism, in U. S. and Okinawa. Age 16-30.

Write:
Mother Mary Angela, FMSI,
Daughters of Mary,
Health of the Sick,
Vista Maria, Cragmoor, N. Y.



DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

offer a joyous way of religious life in the service of the poor, the lonely, the forsaken. Girls between eighteen and thirty who have the courage to respond to Christ's invitation to leave all and follow Him may find peace and happiness in a life dedicated to God. The Sisters engage in social work, teaching, nursing, the care of children, and serve in foreign missions.

Sponsored by a friend of the
Daughters of Charity who
loves their love of God and
love of their fellow man.

Send for descriptive literature to
SISTER BERTRANDE, MARILLAC SEMINARY
Normandy 21, St. Louis, Missouri

THE SISTERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

devote themselves to teaching, nursing, care of orphans and aged, domestic work in seminaries and episcopal residences, and the making of vestments and altar breads. The Congregation enjoys the privilege of Perpetual Adoration.

Applicants may enter the Preparatory School (high school) or the Postulate.

For further information write to:

DIRECTRESS OF VOCATIONS—Fatima Hall
4830 SALEM AVENUE DAYTON 6, OHIO



CARMELITE SISTERS of ST. THERESE

Are you interested?

In a Missionary Community of the southwest dedicated to the love of God by following St. Therese's way of spiritual childhood.

Service to God Includes: Teaching, Retreats, Home for the Aged, Nurseries, etc.

For further information:

Rev. Mother Superior
Oklahoma City, Okla.
1300 Classen Drive,

THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

DOMINICAN SISTERS,
CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

MISSIONARY FRANCISCAN SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Do you wish to serve God in the home and in the foreign missions? The Missionary Franciscan Sisters conduct schools, orphanages, catechetical centers, and clinics in the United States, Canada, Egypt, Australia, and New Guinea. For information write to:

MOTHER SUPERIOR

20 Manet Road, Chestnut Hill 67, Massachusetts

"BRIGHT TOMORROWS"

Is a leaflet depicting our life and work in home and foreign missions. Copy upon request. Congregation conducts hospitals, schools, orphanages, and does social work.

MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
P. O. Box 1858 TS
New Street and Squirrelwood Road Paterson, New Jersey

Missionary Sisters of the Precious Blood

offer to generous young women interested in religious life many types of charitable and educational activities. We work as: kindergarten, primary, industrial, commercial, and high school teachers; catechists; social workers; nurses; dentists; musicians; artists; journalists; housekeepers; seamstresses; fine needle workers, etc.—in home and foreign missions. Please write to:

Precious Blood Convent, P.O. Box 48,
Shillington, Pa.

The Carmelite Sisters for the Aged and Infirm

"Your Life—What Shall It Be?" Will you offer it to God? Would you care for the forgotten people of the world—the aged? They need your love, your youth! They need you to help them prepare for Heaven—to bring joy to their last days on earth.

are YOU interested? write to

Rev. Mother M. Angeline Teresa, O.Carm.
St. Teresa's Motherhouse, Germantown, New York

MISSIONARY BENEDICTINE SISTERS

Young ladies who wish to join a life of prayer and apostolic work according to Benedictine ideals in home and foreign missions may write for information to

Reverend Mother Prioress
Immaculata Convent Norfolk, Nebraska

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS PHILADELPHIA

To bring the charity of Christ the Medical Mission Sisters—doctors, nurses, pharmacists, technicians, secretaries, housekeepers—care for the sick and suffering in the mission lands of India, Pakistan, Africa, Indonesia, North and South America.

For Information Write:

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M.D.
8400 Pine Road Philadelphia 11, Pa.

viously fond of the region and fond of its people. He writes of them both with a respect and understanding that makes his book a delightful introduction to this bit of New England.

LOVE FOR A LIFETIME. By Edward & Paul Hayes. 235 pages. Society of St. Paul. \$2.50. This "Guide for the Married" outlines a program for Catholic married life with emphasis on parental handling of teen-agers in such practical matters as dating, driving, drinking, even dope-addiction. One section includes essays by teen-agers on their own reactions to the delinquency of companions and parents. In the most useful chapter, Ruth Reilly, mother of eleven children, describes the management of her large household. *Love For a Lifetime* can be recommended to those who feel they have not yet seriously considered their obligations as Catholic parents.

THE ORIGIN OF POLITICAL AUTHORITY. By Gabriel Bowe, O. P. 102 pages. Clonmore & Reynolds. 12/6. Christian doctrine has always asserted that those who exercise valid political authority are God's representatives. The citizen owes them obedience as he would owe it to God if God "personally" wielded civil power. Ever insatiable theological curiosity, however, has worried over the question as to the exact derivation of authority as it locates in the individual politico. In what way does it come from God? In what way does it stem from the community of citizens? Father Gabriel Bowe provides a summary of the principal theories which have been constructed by Catholic theologians in their attempt to apportion concrete authority to its diverse contributors. The author achieves remarkable lucidity and reading ease in what would promise to be a necessarily pedantic and ponderous treatise. Incidentally, he reveals how largely the democratic concept had entered into the thinking of Catholic theologians long before modern democracy arrived on the scene.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE. By Betty Jean Jeffries. 128 pages. Bruce. \$2.50. Betty Jean Jeffries' view *From the Other Side* is told in a chatty, breezy style. A convert with a blackly bigoted background, it took a trip to Ireland to convince her that all Catholics were not horned and tailed. Hardly a compliment to the American variety!

Her story first appeared in *Our Sunday Visitor* and the *Cleveland Universe*, apparently arousing such interest that she was encouraged to combine the columns in a book. The over-all result is not too impressive. However, there is value in some of her portraits of Catholics whose goodness broke down her

distrust. Such pointers, also, as: "There are many doors into the Church. The most satisfying is the one that opens with a smile"—can help anyone who is interested in guiding his neighbors up the road to Rome.

MY PHILADELPHIA FATHER. By Cordelia Drexel Biddle. 256 pages. Doubleday. \$4.00. This is an informal biography of one of the colorful figures in Philadelphia society during the last half century—Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, millionaire playboy, publisher, boxing champion, leader of "athletic Christianity" in his Bible Classes, and high officer of the Marine Corps during both World Wars. It makes lively reading but is marred by Cordelia Biddle's fantastically garbled reference to the late Mother Katherine Drexel. That any relative of this apostolic woman—or indeed any editor—could have been ignorant of her foundation of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament and their historic work among the Negroes and Indians in the United States seems almost incredible. In fact, it sets the reader wondering about the general accuracy of these pleasantly gossipy pages.

TOLERANCE AND THE CATHOLIC. Translated by George Lamb. 199 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50. The Catholic today lives in a divided world: as an individual, he rubs shoulders with non-Catholics; as a member of a community, he is concerned with a secular good that he has in common with them. How should he co-operate with them? How should he treat them as members of the community? How should he expect the community to treat him? What is involved in the idea of the separation of Church and State?

Eight Catholic scholars study different theological aspects of this problem. Four of the essays are concerned with the Church's position in the past, four with meeting the problem in the world today. For the educated Catholic, here is a penetrating analysis of a problem that has probably confused or disturbed him or that he may have settled too easily. The last three essays are especially significant. The authors have met a difficult problem not only with learning but with courage and insight.

BROWNSON READER. Edited by Alvan S. Ryan. 370 pages. Kenedy. \$4.50. It is fitting that out of Notre Dame University, where the remains of Brownson lie, should come this anthology to introduce his work to a larger circle of readers. Professor Ryan has given us a welcome and long-overdue book. Modern readers have, for the most part, been treated only to books and articles about Brownson. Unfortunately his collected works have long been out of print. But now in this

COLLEGE OF OUR LADY OF MERCY

Portland, Maine

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

Liberal Arts Teachers' College
Address the Dean

MOUNT ST. CHARLES ACADEMY

Boarding School for BOYS Woonsocket, R. I.

Directed by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart.

Grade 8, through High School, State Accredited

Classical, Scientific, Commercial, and General

Courses. Very moderate rates. Write for catalog.

Academy of Notre Dame

Tyngsboro-on-the-Merrimack, Massachusetts

Resident and Day School for Girls. Elementary

and High School Departments.

Conducted by Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur

Address: SISTER SUPERIOR

Academy of Notre Dame Tyngsboro, Mass.

GEORGIAN COURT COLLEGE

Lakewood, New Jersey

Four-year course leading to B.A. and B.S. degrees

Liberal Arts: Fine Arts: Science: Music:

Teacher Training: Home Economics:

Business Administration.

Fully Accredited.

COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH

Resident and Day

A.B. and B.S. Degrees

Liberal arts, sciences, business administration,

home economics, pre-medical, teacher training.

Spacious campus. Complete facilities

for student activities program

Convent Station, New Jersey

ARCHMERE ACADEMY

Accredited boys' preparatory school under Nor-

bertine Canons. High school only. Limited en-

rollment, resident or day. Public speaking, music,

social activities. Moral and spiritual guidance.

Complete sports program. Early application ad-

vised. For catalog and information write:

Very Reverend Headmaster

Box 67-S, Claymont, Delaware

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

Baltimore 10, Maryland

A fully accredited Catholic College for Women,

conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

Courses leading to B.A. degree, with concentra-

tion in Art, Languages, Literature, Sciences,

Music, Social Studies, Speech, Mathematics,

Philosophy and Theology. Workshops in Cre-

ative Writing. Education courses leading to

teacher certification. Pre-medical and labora-

tory technician training. Full physical educa-

tion program, including swimming.

For Catalogue and Further Information

Address the Registrar

Mount Saint Agnes College

Mount Washington, Baltimore 9, Maryland

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

Accredited by the Middle States Association of

Colleges and Secondary Schools

Courses leading to Bachelor of Arts and Bache-

lor of Science Degrees. Liberal Arts, Teacher

Training, Nursing, Medical Technology and

Business.

volume we have great portions of the fiery and vigorous writing that was forged in Brownson's heart through his odyssey as Presbyterian, Universalist minister, Transcendental philosopher, and convert to Catholicism.

HOLINESS IS WHOLENESS. By Josef Goldbrunner. 63 pages. Pantheon. \$1.75. This is a novel and thought-provoking presentation of the problem of sanctity and mental health. Because of its brevity, there is much that is left unwritten or insufficiently expounded. One would like a more lengthy development of such passages as: "It is now possible to define spiritual disease: a man becomes spiritually ill when he lives against his truth. A man is spiritually healthy if he is living his truth." (p. 26) "Neurosis is in fact a cry for help from the suffering soul." (p. 27) Dr. Goldbrunner's emphasis upon "the right balance between the conscious and the unconscious" (p. 29) is rather forcefully expressed when he writes that "the conscious must learn to come to terms with the unconscious." (p. 36) This whole argument for a moral psychology is extremely interesting from both a moral and a psychological point of view. His commentaries on sex and love give the book an additional value. The discussion of eros and religion is the high point of the book. "Where eros and religion are mutually exclusive eros becomes vulgar and religion cold." Although this is a small book, the thoughts that went into it are great and the thoughts that it should stimulate even greater.

PERSONAL ADJUSTMENT AND MENTAL HEALTH. By Alexander A. Schneiders. 587 pages. Rinehart. \$5.00. This is a book which covers quite completely although somewhat too laboriously the task set out for it. As one would expect, it has a virile philosophic orientation which certainly improves its value even though it may limit its admirers. Adjustment is spoken of in terms of morality as well as in relation to society, and a philosophy of life is proposed as a prerequisite to good adjustment. It is heartening to see "the question of spiritual needs" given their rightful place along with man's other needs.

The outstanding chapter in the book is probably chapter nine, containing an excellent discussion of frustration. On the other hand, many of the other chapters are quite mediocre.

As a textbook, there is ample, well-organized material. Unfortunately the format leaves much to be desired. Nor is the choice of references the best, since one would expect a greater emphasis on references to authorities in the field rather than to popular writers from other fields.

RECIPE FOR READING

Check Your Choice, Mail This List



ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS ☐

Booklet biography of the Founder of the Passionists: his inspirations and achievements, death and canonization. 56 pp. .15¢

ST. GABRIEL ☐

Death robbed him of priesthood but his inspiring life as Passionist student gained sainthood. 64 pp.15¢



ST. GEMMA ☐

"Gem of Christ" she was called by Pius XI. Yearned to be a Passionist nun, but bore the stigmata instead. 64 pp.15¢

CHAMPION OF CHURCH & POPE ☐

Action saga of St. Vincent Strambi, Passionist bishop v. Napoleon. 64 pp. 3 1/2" x 6" ..15¢



APOSTLE OF THE SECOND SPRING ☐

Life of the Passionist who converted New-man. 48 pp. 5" x 7" 10¢

CONFIDENCE IN GOD ☐

Words of encouragement to show God wants your love. 96 pp. ...25¢



THINKING WITH GOD ☐

To help you in restful, tranquil prayer. Beautiful 2-color cover. 64 pp.25¢

THE SIGN Room 108-A

UNION CITY, N. J.



Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME THIS MONEY SAVING WAY

Simple as A-B-C. Your lessons consist of real selections, instead of tiresome exercises. You read real notes—no "nummers" or trick music. Some of our 600,000 students are band LEADERS. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Write for big 36 page illustrated Free Book. Mention your favorite instrument. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A-1158, Port Washington, N. Y.

FREE BOOKLET



Make and Sell ROSARIES

for profit • gifts • as a hobby
no experience needed

Make Rosaries easily with our beautiful beads, chains, crucifixes, centers, etc. . . for profit, gifts, or as a hobby. Sell our complete line of Holy Pictures, Medals, Statues, Rosaries, Books, Novelties in your spare time — or as a profitable full time business. See how easy it is to start this fun-filled hobby or money-making business! Send 10¢ for Large Illustrated Wholesale Catalog Today! Satisfaction Guaranteed!

GREYLOCK CREATIONS
Box 1048, Pittsfield 4, Mass.

MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH

Boarding High School for Boys

Conducted by the Xaverian Brothers since 1876. Scientific, Classical, Business, and Industrial Arts Courses. Accredited by Middle States Association and State of Maryland. All major sports—band—extensive extra-curricular program. Directed study and play.

Address: Headmaster, Mount St. Joseph High School, Box H, Baltimore 29, Maryland

Georgetown Preparatory School

Successful preparation for leading colleges and universities since 1789. Under Jesuit Fathers. Fully accredited. 7th grade through High School. 93 acres of campus and playing fields. Nine-hole golf course. Boys enjoy advantages of Washington. For catalog and view book address: Rev. Wm. A. Ryan, S.J., Headmaster, Box S, Garrett Park, Maryland. Suburban to Washington, D. C.

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE

WHITE PLAINS NEW YORK
Westchester County
Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion
FULLY ACCREDITED B.A. and B.S. Degrees
Standard Courses in Arts and Science, pre-medical, journalism, teacher training, secretarial studies, fine arts.

Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus. Forty minutes from New York City.

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY

Syosset, Long Island, New York

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Affiliated with the State University. Grades 7 through 12. School busses leave from Jamaica, Hempstead, Great Neck, and Manhasset. Bus also meets trains at Syosset. School Session 10 A.M.—3:45 P.M.

Conducted by:
THE SISTERS OF MERCY

MOUNT SAINT MARY

ON-THE-HUDSON

All grades complete from first to twelfth. State-chartered; accredited, Middle States. Preparation for college, business, life. Character development and health stressed. Homelike personal supervision. Fire-proof building; beautiful 42-acre campus. Illustrated Catalog.

SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC
Newburgh, N. Y.

SHOULD MOM WORK?

(Continued from page 45)

Will her working cause a father to lose his job?

This question, in an age when women are replacing men in many jobs, must be answered with much soul-searching, according to Father John Egan, who heads the Cana movement in Chicago.

Father Egan has another way of putting the question to a young couple: "What kind of a marriage do you want to have when you're fifty or sixty?" His emphasis is on the importance of the psychological relationship that develops between husband and wife in the first year of marriage.

"The difficulty is that many young people do not consider what they are giving up when the wife works. Husband and wife should gradually grow in their knowledge and love of each other—a rich experience on which they build their whole future together. The growth of this relationship requires a relaxed atmosphere—not the hurried, tense situation that often exists when a woman tries to act as a full-time worker and a part-time wife."

The above questions and comments indicate that there is no easy Yes or No answer to whether, in a given case, a wife without children should work. The traditional Christian teaching assigns the wife's role to the home, and Pope Pius XII has called on Christians "to lead the wife and mother back to her own vocation." But the Pope and other authorities recognize that in today's industrial society there may be legitimate reasons why a wife might work. The dollar-and-cents reason is only one.

Another important reason—just being explored by social scientists—is the need for a "sense of belonging." The experts have many ways of expressing this, but a housewife from Highland Park, Ill., Mrs. Andrew Taft, mother of five, put it in a nontechnical way when she wrote to a Catholic labor paper, *Work*: "What drives many wives to work is loneliness."

Consider the fate of the typical young bride, alone in her city apartment. She has many more mechanical conveniences than her grandmother or great-grandmother did, but she has lost much in human companionship. The husband no longer works nearby. Relatives usually live too far for casual visiting. Neighbors are slow to get to know each other, and many never do. In short, the neighborhood of today is seldom a "community" in the sense of the Latin root word, which meant *fellowship*.

A visitor from Europe, Attorney Olga Monsani of Florence, when asked who takes care of working mothers' young children in Italy, replied: "Relatives and neighbors, of course." But one reason why Italy has fewer working wives is that homes, with close family and neigh-

borhood ties, are less apt to be lonely.

The U. S. wife can escape her lonely four walls by working and so solves that personal problem, but is this the solution to the general problem? No, says Robert Oliver, psychologist on the staff of the U. S. Public Health Service. He believes that someone must meet the problem head on.

Oliver and his wife Martha are the president couple of the New York City federation of the Christian Family Movement, an organization of couples dedicated to rebuilding family and neighborhood life. Oliver combines his experience as a CFM leader and psychologist in this judgment: "To do anything lasting about the problem of the working wife, we must work to bring back a spirit of neighborliness into today's neighborhoods. Husbands and wives should not only try to make their own particular homes happier but also bring a Christian spirit into the community."

Examples of how some CFM wives (and others too) are today "working" outside the home: visiting newcomers to welcome them into the neighborhood, serving on the board of the parish credit union, giving catechetical instruction to public school children, acting as adult sponsor for a club of teen-agers, ringing doorbells to get signatures on a petition for better housing, volunteering services at an interracial center, orphan's home, or other institution.

MANY Capitalist leaders are rethinking that old slogan, "The woman's place is in the home." At the 1948 convention of the National Council of Catholic Women, a speaker suggested a rewording of the slogan to make it read: "Woman's interest is the home."

Elizabeth Morrissey, vice president of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, pointed out that the "mere remaining at home" by the woman won't keep even her own family secure and won't bring better housing, better educational facilities, or any of the other "endless number of reforms that must come if homes and families are to be saved from disintegration."

Miss Morrissey offered a broad perspective that would ultimately solve the working-wife problem—and others too:

"Could it be that we have heard too often that woman's place is in the home and are not yet aware that to protect that very home and all it means we have to fight far afield? . . . Your community is your job if you want your home and your family to be reasonably secure. So interwoven are our activities, so complex is our way of life, that community participation is a must for every intelligent woman. This may of necessity take her far from her four walls, but she is still keeping home and family as her primary interest."

LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

the SIGN magazine, the writer shall certainly not renew our subscription.

MRS. VIRGINIA A. INGALLS

RESNO, CALIF.

Ultraconservatives (cont'd)

I am sure that you will not mind some comments on your editorial in the March, 1955 issue of THE SIGN.

First of all, I would be interested to know the names of the labor unions that are not Red, Pink, Leftist, corrupt, gangster-ridden, or predatory. Second, since Christ taught the saving of individual souls with charity being one attribute of that teaching, how can you shift that individual attribute to nations? Third, how can the United Nations be a step in the right direction, when it is the greatest assembly of atheists, working for international tyranny, that this world has ever known? Fourth, how can you equate the ultra-conservative Catholic with dictators who are to supplement God?

You are totally wrong when you call the ultraconservative Catholic ignorant. You are also wrong when you suggest that a daily reading of the papal declarations would take the place of a favorite right-wing columnist.

ARTHUR G. BLAZEY, M.D.

WASHINGTON, IND.

I wish to congratulate and commend you on the fine series of editorials—ultraliberals, ultraconservatives, progressive conservatives.

I am also grateful for the amusement obtained from the letters to the editor on these subjects.

REV. THOMAS F. HAYES

BRONXVILLE, ONT., CANADA.

Please allow me to add my congratulations to those of many other of your readers on your wonderful series of editorials on the ultra conservative Catholic.

They are a joy to read for all of us who are trying to make Catholics understand that what you call "progressive conservatism" is merely the traditional *via media* of the Church applied to modern life, a "middle way" that must necessarily anger the simple minds of both ultraconservatives and ultraliberals who have simple black and white solutions for every problem.

DONALD J. THORMAN
MANAGING EDITOR

THE VOICE OF ST. JUDE

CHICAGO, ILL.

We very carefully re-read "The Ultraconservative Catholic" editorial and see no reason to get excited, unless one has not read the papal encyclicals or, having read them, does not believe the Holy Father has any right to see a moral question involved in the world's economic problems.

We all dislike having our political toes stepped upon or our economic theories disputed, but, regardless of how much of this world's goods it may cost us, we must admit

there is a voice of authority and be thankful we know where to find it.

JOSEPH J. MAHONEY

MANCHESTER, IOWA.

Hurrah for you! How I do admire your response to all those critical and hypocritical Catholics, and others, who resent and misjudge unions.

Thanks to the shortsighted stupidities of the ultraconservatives in America, the Church would one day be as backward here (I nearly said 'impotent') as she now seems to be in those countries where she associated too exclusively with the "exclusive elements" of society.

And Catholics, of all people, along with their more enlightened clergy, should be wary of the patronizing capitalists of the ultraconservative type.

The Church—God bless her—has learned her lesson, and may her communicants take example.

You keep on telling 'em, Father.

MISS MARGARET B. MCGEE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

A belated note to let you know that here is another reader who is "for" your editorial on the ultraconservative Catholic. Your views seem extremely fair, and you analyze the very essence of a problem, instead of just being against "sin." I like your magazine very much.

BERNICE KENTOWICZ

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

I received my July copy this morning and note that you are still receiving letters about your editorial "The Ultraconservative Catholic."

My feeling about this is that you were entirely right. I intended to write before to congratulate you on what badly needed saying. . . .

PATRICK J. FLANAGAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Congratulations on your editorial page statement on progressive conservatism.

Your work is remembered in my prayers.

CHESTER POGORZELSKI

HARRISON, N. J.

. . . When I picked up the March issue and found your editorial on the Ultraconservative Catholic I let out a veritable whoop of joy. I think that my wife sitting across the room from me probably thought I was ready for the men in the white coats. However, her fears were soon dispelled when I read her, word for word, your powerful editorial. If I find nothing else worth reading in the whole subscription to your magazine (and most assuredly I will and do) this one editorial has made my purchase very worth while. . . .

ALLEN HICKLIN

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

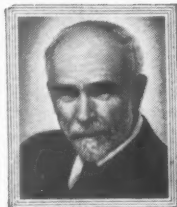
Congratulations and thanks for your fine editorial on Ultraconservative Catholics. We admire your courage in writing this piece at the risk of outraging the lunatic fringe.

Too often of late, we have seen this ultraconservative thinking linked up somehow as representative of the Church.

You have done the cause of true and prac-

Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?

MANY persons say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"—or use "who" for "whom"—or don't know whether to spell certain words with one or two "e's", or "m's" or "r's" or with "ie" or "ei", etc. Mistakes in English reveal lack of education, refinement—prevent you from presenting your thoughts in strongest way. Real command of English will help you reach any goal.



SHERWIN CODY

Wonderful Invention

Only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's famous invention—and you can actually SEE your English improve. It teaches by HABIT—makes it easier to do the RIGHT way. Wonderful, self-correcting lessons. FREE BOOK ON ENGLISH. Lack of language power may be costing you thousands of dollars every year. See what Mr. Cody can do for you; it costs you nothing to find out. Write for free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." It will prove a revelation. WRITE NOW.

SHERWIN CODY COURSE IN ENGLISH
668 Central Drive, Port Washington, N. Y.

QUICKLY FOLD OR UNFOLD FOR CHANGING ROOM USES

Mitchell
FOLD-O-LEG
tables

**TOPS OF MASONITE
PRESSEDWOOD • FIR
& BIRCH PLYWOOD •
LINOLEUM • PLASTICS**

**MAXIMUM SEATING
MINIMUM STORAGE**

**STRONG, RIGID
TUBULAR
STEEL LEGS**

Send for folder with complete specifications.
MITCHELL MANUFACTURING CO.
2748 S. 34th St., Milwaukee 46, Wis., Dept. 5

ACADEMY OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

Tuxedo Park, New York
Founded 1847

Beautiful school for girls, grades 7 to 12. One hour from New York. Fully accredited. Strong college preparation & general course. Art, music, home economics, riding, dramatics. Write for catalogue.

Ladycliff College

Highland Falls, New York

Four-Year Course, leading to the Degree of Arts, Science, Education
LADYCLIFF ACADEMY for Girls—
A Chartered Regents High School—
Commercial Electives.

Resident and Day Students

LA SALLE Military Academy



Foremost Catholic military school under Christian Brothers. Accredited college prep. Grades 8-12. Small classes. Complete facilities for spiritual development, intellectual progress. Senior ROTC. 160-acre campus. 72nd year. 50 miles N.Y.C. Catalog. Box 8, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

COLLEGE OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 71, N. Y.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees, Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce, Education, and Teacher Training
Accredited by the Association of American Universities.
Campus bordering Hudson River • One half hour from Grand Central Station, New York City
Address Secretary

College of New Rochelle

New Rochelle, New York

Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns

Westchester County—Sixteen Miles From Grand Central Station, New York City

Seton Hill College

Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Four-year liberal arts. Pre-professional training for medicine, law, social service. Elementary and secondary teacher education: art, music, home economics education. Campus nursery school, 200-acre campus in foothills of Allegheny Mts. east of Pittsburgh. All sports. Regional, national accreditation.

Catalog on Request. Write Box 23-5

RAVENHILL

Academy of the Assumption

• Fully accredited. Cultural atmosphere. Pre-school through high school for girls. Boarding and day. College preparatory, art, music, family living, secretarial. Post-graduate. Small classes. Sports, swimming, riding. Wooded 27-acre campus. Conducted by The Religious of the Assumption. Schools also in Miami, Paris, London, Rome. Catalog, Dept. S, 3480 W. School House Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia 44, Pennsylvania

SIENA HEIGHTS

ADRIAN MICHIGAN

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Fully Accredited. Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic. Bachelor Degrees in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Music, Commercial Education: Home Economics; Teacher Training; Dramatics; Pre-Legal and Pre-Medical Courses; Two Year Terminal Course in Secretarial Work. Exceptional Opportunities in Art.

Beautiful Buildings Interesting Campus Life

For Further Information Address the Dean

COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. JOSEPH-ON-THE-OHIO

Beautifully located near Cincinnati, Ohio

Conducted by Sisters of Charity, devoted to Higher Education of Women. Recognized courses leading to B.A., B.S., B.Mus., and B.S. in Music Education. Prepares for teaching in Art, Business, Health and Physical Education, Home Economics, Library Science, Music, and Speech. In co-operation with the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, a four-year course leads to degree of B.S. and Diploma of Graduate Nurse. Prepares dietitians and medical technologists.

For Prospectus address THE DEAN, MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, OHIO

ST. MARY OF THE SPRINGS College for Women

Conducted by Dominican Sisters

- Bachelor of Arts
- Bachelor of Science

in Education—in Home Economics—in Music Education

Address REGISTRAR, Columbus 19, Ohio

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods

Young women live graciously, grow spiritually, prepare for careers

Campus tradition of charm and friendliness since 1840. Fully accredited. B.A., B.S., B.F.A. degrees. Majors in 20 fields, including music, art, journalism, home economics, speech and drama, secretarial, teaching. Extensive campus. Interesting cultural, athletic, social programs. Conducted by the Sisters of Providence. Catalog.

Box 45 SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, IND.

MARIAN COLLEGE

CATHOLIC COEDUCATIONAL COLLEGE
B.A., B.S. degrees. Liberal arts, sciences, teacher training, pre-professional courses, business administration, home-making, medical technology. Modern buildings; spacious campus; stimulating social and sports program. Catalog.

Marian College

Box 14, 3290 Cold Springs Rd., Indianapolis 22, Indiana

Gwynedd-Mercy JUNIOR COLLEGE

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

• 180-acre campus 20 miles from Philadelphia
Specialized courses leading directly to careers: merchandising; secretarial; medical secretarial, record librarian, laboratory technician. Liberal arts preparation for transfer to senior college. Music and art. Religion. 2 years. A.A., A.S. degrees. Activities, sports. Affiliated with Catholic University. Catalog.

Sister Mary Gregory, Dean, Box 5, Gwynedd Valley, Pa.

IMMACULATA COLLEGE

Accredited liberal arts college for women. B.A., B.S., B.Mus. degrees. Science, music, business, home economics, teacher training; pre-med., pre-law. Stimulating social and sports program. Dramatic and musical productions with nearly men's colleges. Cheerful, homelike atmosphere. 225-acre campus near Phila. overlooking beautiful Chester Valley. New residence hall, liberal arts building. Pool. Lake for swimming and canoeing. Farm and dairy. Conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Early application advised. Catalog.

Registrar, Box G, Immaculata College, Immaculata, Pa.

SAINT FRANCIS

A college preparatory school of tradition and academic accomplishment. Graduates in leading colleges and universities. Grades 9 through 12. Established 1847 by Franciscan Fathers. Convent location, 70 acres. Full athletic program, varsity and intramural. Write for catalog.

Rev. George J. Wuenschel, T.O.R.

Box D, Spring Grove, Pa. (near York)

Marywood School

For girls. High School for resident and day students. Conducted by the Sisters of Providence. Fully accredited. Member of North Central Association.

College Preparatory, General Courses, Music, Art, Drama, Home-Making, Gymnasium and swimming pool. Catalog.

2116 RIDGE AVE. EVANSTON, ILL.

MARMION Military Academy

Military training, combined with sound Catholic education, builds men. Accredited 4-yr. high school course prepares for college or business. Sports for all boys. Under Benedictine Fathers. Moderate rates. 1 hour from Chicago. Catalog. Father Joseph, 671 North Lake St., Aurora, Ill.

MORRIS SCHOOL

Post Office Box 137, Searcy, Arkansas
For Boys—Conducted by the Franciscan Brothers

Located near the foothills of the Ozarks; ideal climate. Modern buildings including a large gymnasium and indoor pool; private lake; all major sports. Accredited Junior High with elementary grades fifth and sixth.

tical Christianity a great service by writing this editorial. I shall certainly remember you with gratitude in my daily prayers.

RITA WALDORE

SANTA CLARA, CALIF.

Dublin's Finer Finest

In your March, 1955, issue you published a photo showing one of Dublin's finest showing how they operate squad cars. I have met Gurda John Shanagher in the flesh and the picture does not do him justice; he looks much better than the picture and I was treated very kindly by him and his superior officers.

PATRICK LANDERS

QUEENS VILLAGE, N. Y.

"Letters"

The first page I turn to is "Letters" in THE SIGN, and I have noticed one thing quite often. Such as the case of one Joseph A. Boersig who canceled his subscription because of an article which he did not like or because it hit too close to home.

I would like to ask him, and others like him, if they would stop speaking to a friend, because the friend disagreed with them on some subject. And, I wonder how many other magazine subscriptions they cancel, such as some well-known publications which carry unobjectionable articles but also plenty of the other kind. None, I grant.

MRS. E. VAN DE WALKER

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

... I cannot abide those stuffy folk who must cancel a subscription unless editorial comment is shaped to their channels of thinking—rather absence of it. Conservative minded though the writer be, he must recognize there are two points of view in most situations.

MARK J. THOMPSON

DULUTH, MINN.

Oblate Missionaries

I noted with interest that there was mention made of our Institute in the May issue of THE SIGN, in the questions and answer department. However, could it be possible that your readers would be under the erroneous impression that the Oblate Missionaries of the Immaculate are a regular religious Order with the "long" habit, etc? We are, rather, a Secular Institute (as defined by Pope Pius XII's *Provida Mater Ecclesia*, 1947), founded July, 1952, with the members wearing a secular "habit" (street-length skirt, etc.), living a modified community life and pronouncing temporary vows only.

Our Institute is not as yet too well known in the United States, having only one foundation here, but the Institute has twenty-five different missions in Canada and one in Chile, with 300 members in the Institute to date. We are at the service of the Church in any domain that ecclesiastical authority will confide to us, not being restricted to any one type of work performed.

ANITA COTE, O.M.I., SUPERIOR
LOWELL, MASS.

FREE 30 DAYS SUPPLY VITAMINS

MINERALS and AMINO ACID Safe High Potency Nutritional Formula

25 proven ingredients—11 Vitamins (including Blood-building B₁₂ and Folic Acid), 11 Minerals, Choline, Inositol, and Methionine

NOW YOURS FREE

Retail Value \$5.00



TO prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitase Plan... we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much healthier, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over twice the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins A, C and D... five times the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the full concentration recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12—one of the most remarkably potent nutrients science has yet discovered—a vitamin that actually helps strengthen your blood and nourish your body organs by stimulating your bone marrow to produce more and more energy-bearing red corpuscles.

And note this! The normal retail price of similar vitamin capsules would be \$5.00. Yet now you get this 30-day supply of VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES without charge! And here's why!

Why We Make This Sensational Offer!

We offer you this 30-day free trial of VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES for just one simple reason. So many persons have already tried VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES with such astounding results... so many people have already written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial... that we are convinced you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. You don't spend a penny for the vitamins! You don't risk a thing! All the cost and all the risk are ours!

In other words, we're willing to give you a full 30-day supply of our VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES for you to prove to your own satisfaction your body's need for a comprehensive nutritional formula.

And here's just why we're so confident these capsules can help provide new vigor and buoyancy and zest for living!

Why YOU May Need These Safe High-Potency Capsules

As your own doctor will tell you, scientists have

discovered that not only is a daily minimum of vitamins and minerals, in one form or

Have you been spending up to \$5.00 and more each month for your vitamins? Have you been "vitamin-hopping" from one formula to another, in a desperate search for the kind that will restore the youthful feeling you want to have? Well, stop right now! Look at this amazing opportunity! and read this remarkable offer!

another, absolutely indispensable for proper health... but some people actually need more than the average daily requirements established by the National Research Council. If you tire easily... if you work under pressure, or if you're over 40 or subject to the stress of travel, worry and other strains... then you may be one of the people who needs this extra supply of vitamins. In that case, VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES may be "just what the doctor ordered"—because they contain the most frequently recommended food supplement formula for people in this category! These are safe high-potency capsules... and this nutritional formula has already helped thousands upon thousands of people who were run down, listless, and in need of just the help this formula can provide!

Potency and Purity GUARANTEED!

In the column on the right you can see for yourself the exact ingredients contained in high potency VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES. Every one of these ingredients has been scientifically added to meet the requirements of people in need of a high-potency nutritional formula. And, as you probably know, the U. S. Government strictly controls each vitamin manufacturer and requires the exact quantity of each vitamin and mineral to be clearly stated on the label.

This means that the purity of each ingredient, and the sanitary conditions of manufacture are carefully controlled for your protection! And it means that when you use VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES you can

be sure you're getting exactly what the label states... and that you're getting pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and time again! Not only that—you're getting a month's supply free of charge, so you can prove to yourself just how effective they may be for you! And now see what else you get—without the slightest risk on your part!

Amazing New Plan Slashes Vitamin Prices in Half!

With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details of an amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the vitamins and minerals you will need. By means of this Plan you can receive your vitamins and minerals factory-fresh, direct-to-you and at a saving of 60% off the regular retail price!

Always Factory Fresh

This means you will no longer have to go shopping around for vitamins or pay high retail prices. This Plan actually enables you to receive a 30-day supply of vitamins every month regularly, safely and factory-fresh for exactly \$2.00—or 60% lower than the usual retail price. BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DECIDE NOW—you are under no obligation to buy anything from us whatsoever.

Now here's how you can get this Free 30-day supply, and learn all about this amazing new plan.

Act At Once!

Simply fill out the coupon and send it in to us today. We'll rush you your free month's supply of high potency VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES along with information about the Plan. During your free trial period you can decide whether or not you want to enjoy the benefits and tremendous savings offered by the VITASAFE PLAN. In any case, the trial month's supply of 30 VITASAFE Capsules is yours to use free. Now, since the supply of capsules that we can give away free is necessarily limited, we urge you to act at once. You risk nothing; the cost of the capsules is ours. So don't miss out on this marvelous opportunity. Fill in the coupon now and send it today.

Fill Out This No-Risk Coupon Today!



VITASAFE CORP., Dept. 21
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Please send me free a 30-day supply of the proven VITASAFE CF (Comprehensive Formula) Capsules, and full information about the VITASAFE Plan. I am not under any obligation to buy any additional vitamins, and after trying my free sample supply, I will be given the opportunity to accept or reject the benefits and substantial savings offered by the VITASAFE Plan. In any case, the trial month's supply of 30 VITASAFE Capsules is mine to use free.

I ENCLOSE 25¢ (coins or stamps) to help pay for packing and postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NOTE: This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per family.

VITASAFE CORP. 43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

One of the Most Beautiful Bibles Ever Created

FREE

if you join the Family Reading Club now
and agree to accept as few as
6 selections during the coming 12 months

Actually measures
8 3/16 x 6 inches

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS MAGNIFICENT "LIGHT OF THE WORLD" CATHOLIC BIBLE

- Lifetime Binding — morocco-grained; stained page edges
- More than 1400 pages
- 64 Reproductions of the most famous religious paintings of all time, half in glorious full color
- Family Register, illuminated in four colors and gold
- plus Military Record
- 32 Pages of Spiritual Gems, illuminated in four colors and gold
- Gold silk marker

PLUS Encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XII on Study of Holy Scripture . . . Biblical Atlas with 12 full-color maps . . . Historical and Chronological Index . . . Indulgences for Reading the Bible . . . Prayer before and after reading Scripture . . . Table of Epistles; Table of Feasts of Saints



Today our families need the Bible more than ever . . . to fortify faith, comfort souls, bring family members closer together. Now, to place in your home one of the finest Bibles ever printed, the Family Reading Club will send you this beautiful *Light of the World* Edition AS A GIFT. Though you would expect to pay \$10, \$12 or even \$15 for it if available in book stores, you may have your copy free . . . our way to introduce you to our book club which brings you *America's finest new books* at much less than the publishers' regular editions!

How the Family Reading Club Operates

Each month publishers submit books they believe will meet the Family Reading Club's high standards of *excellence* and *interest* without being objectionable in any way. Our Editors then select the one book they can recommend most enthusiastically . . . a novel, biography or inspirational book that *every member of your family can read!*

You are offered a book each month, but you need accept only *six* at \$1.89 each (plus small shipping charge) after reading your monthly book-review magazine. You pay postman nothing; bill is due later, and you will receive a free "Bonus" Book with each fourth selection. The purchase of books for \$1.89 each instead of \$5.00 to \$5.00 in publishers' editions, saves you 55% to 50%. And when the value of the "Bonus" Books is added, you save up to 60%!

Send No Money — Just the Coupon

So — start your membership right away by mailing the coupon for your beautiful *Light of the World* Bible. At the same time we will send you your first Club selection, which you may choose from the fine books listed in the coupon. Send no money now, just the coupon . . . but do it *today!*

MAIL COUPON NOW

FREE: THE *Light of the World* CATHOLIC BIBLE

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE FAMILY READING CLUB

Family Reading Club, Dept. 8-SI, Mineola, New York

Send me at once my copy of the beautiful *Light of the World* Bible as my FREE MEMBERSHIP GIFT. Begin my membership with the Club selection checked below, billing me only \$1.89 (plus small shipping charge) for both volumes. Enroll me as a member of the Family Reading Club and send me, each month, a review of the Club's forthcoming selection. I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to accept any selection or alternate book offered — at the special members' price of only \$1.89 each (plus small shipping charge). There are no membership dues or fees, and I may accept as few as five more selections or alternates during the coming twelve months. As a member I will receive a free "Bonus" Book with each four Club selections or alternates I accept.

SPECIAL NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I will return the Bible and my first selection in 7 days and this membership will be cancelled.

Check one book as your first Club selection

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Around the World in 1,000 Pictures | <input type="checkbox"/> Greatest Story Ever Told | <input type="checkbox"/> The Robe |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Life is Worth Living by Fulton J. Sheen | <input type="checkbox"/> Family Book of Best-Loved Poems | <input type="checkbox"/> The White and the Gold by Thomas B. Costain |

MR.
MRS.
MISS

(Please Print)

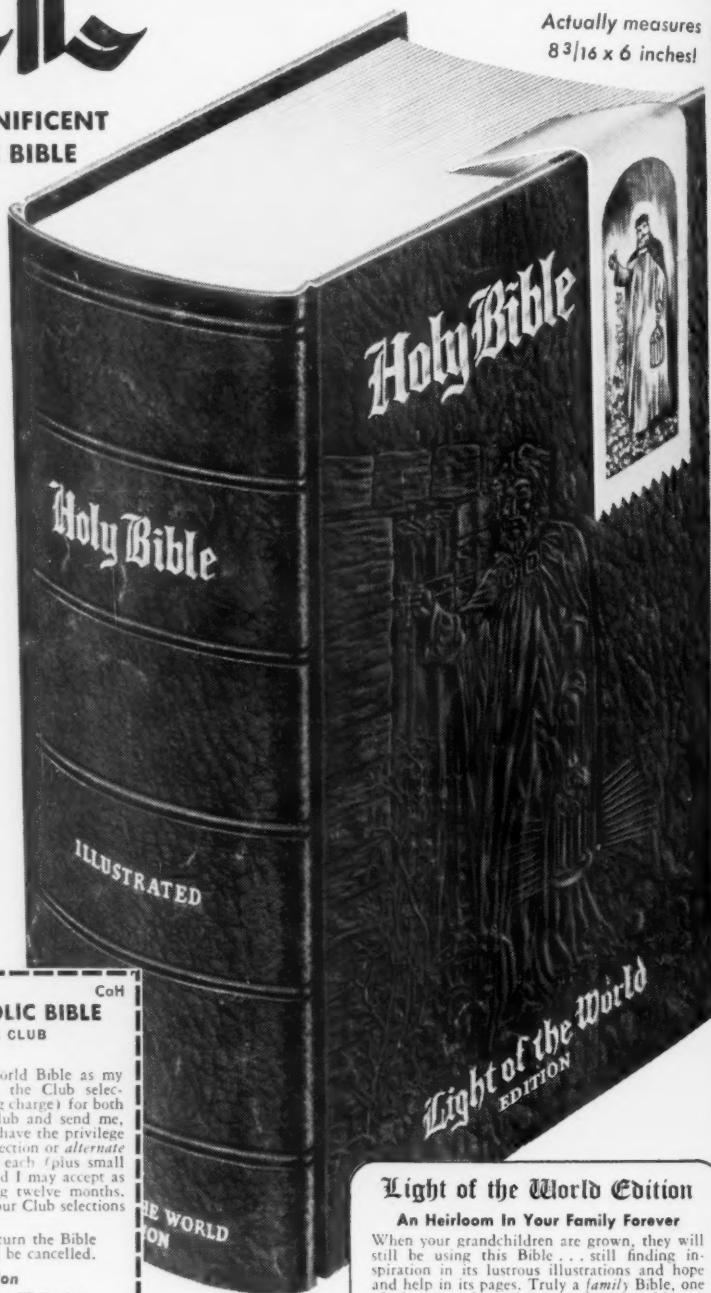
STREET & NO.

CITY

ZONE

STATE

Same offer in Canada. Address: Family Reading Club (Canada), 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.



Light of the World Edition

An Heirloom In Your Family Forever

When your grandchildren are grown, they will still be using this Bible . . . still finding inspiration in its lustrous illustrations and hope and help in its pages. Truly a *family* Bible, one of the most beautiful in publishing history.

Family Reading Club

MINEOLA, NEW YORK